The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* March *will be noticed in the* April *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th April *in the* May *number.*

NEWS NOTES.

The many admirers of Mr. Watts-Dunton will be glad to know that he has definitely decided upon publishing his novel, "Aylwin," which has been in type more than twenty years. As the novel deals largely with gipsy life, of which Mr. Watts-Dunton has unique knowledge, the book will be looked for with exceptional interest.

We understand that Messrs. Harmsworth are considering a scheme which, if carried out, will mean a revolution in magazines. They think of fixing the price of their new periodical, the *London Magazine*, at threepence, the contents in quality and quantity to be equal to the *Strand*, *Pearson's*, the *Windsor*, etc. It is thought half a million may be sold.

The title of the new novel upon which Sir Walter Besant is at present engaged is "The Orange Girl." The scene of the story is laid in the last century, a period which has formed the background of some of Sir Walter's best work. "The Orange Girl" will of course be published serially in this country, in America, and in Australia, prior to its publication in book form. In London it will first see the light in one of the more prominent illustrated weeklies.

Mr. H. G. Wells's next scientific romance will appear in the *Graphic*, and in *Harper's Weekly* in America. Directly the book is finished, Mr. Wells intends leaving for Italy, where he will join Mr. Gissing for a couple of months' holiday. On his return, Mr. Wells will probably take up the character novel on which he has been working intermittently for the last eighteenmonths. It is entitled, "Love and Mr. Lewisham," and will be in the vein of "The Wheels of Chance.'

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's new book will be a volume of essays somewhat in the style of his "Idle Thoughts of an Idle Fellow." We believe that "Idle Thoughts" was, and still is, the most popular book which Mr. Jerome has ever written.

The title of the new story which Mr. S. R. Crockett has written for publication in the *Pall Mall Magazine*, to commence after the conclusion of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins' "Rupert of Hentzau," is "The Silver Skull." We understand that "The Silver Skull" is the crest of a great Italian family, with some of the members of which the story deals.

Mr. Max Pemberton's new novel, "A Woman of Kronstadt," seems to be attracting an unusual amount of attention as it runs its serial course in the *Windsor Magazine*. Mr. Pemberton has already been approached in several quarters in reference to a dramatisation of the story, and there is little doubt that a play based upon the novel will be seen in due course either on the London or American stage or both.

Miss Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, daughter of Sir Henry Fowler, M.P., has finished her first long novel, which will be published in the spring by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. It contains graphic sketches of country Methodism and also of London society. The authoress has the rare distinction of being familiar with both.

Mr. Frankfort Moore has at present laid aside novel-writing, and is busy at work on a play which has been commissioned by a well-known manager.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is to publish a small book on Christian education, partly made up of an article which appeared some time ago in one of the reviews, but with a long and special preface. The little volume will be published in America by Messrs. Crowell of Boston.

The note of congratulation to Mr. George Meredith was written by Mr. Leslie Stephen, but it is understood that the arrangements for signature were mainly left to Mr. Edmund Gosse. Some names were omitted that might have found a place among old friends and supporters of Mr. Meredith, including Mr. Edward Clodd, Mr. Sidney Colvin, and Mr. W. E. Henley.

It is not generally known that the author of that remarkable work, "As Others Saw Him," which was published some year or two ago by Mr. Heinemann in England and by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. in America, is Mr. Joseph Jacobs, whose scholarly volume of "Literary Studies" (reprinted from the *Athenæum*, to which he is one of the principal contributors) attracted so much attention three years ago.

Mr. John Mackie has recently completed the manuscript of a new novel entitled "The Heel of the Woman." It will be published in book form probably this spring, but in any case not later than the early autumn.

Mrs. Everard Cotes ("Sarah Jeanette Duncan") will, we hear, leave her duties on the Calcutta *Indian Daily News* and come for a short holiday to England. She is expected to be in this country some time in the early part of April next, and is bringing the manuscript of a new novel with her.

Mr. J. M. Barrie makes steady progress with the sequel of "Sentimental Tommy," but it is not yet quite certain that it will be commenced in *Scribner's* for January, 1899, as was originally proposed.

The serial publication of Mr. Robert Barr's new novel, "The Countess Tekla," commences in an early number of the *People*. In America it will be published simultaneously through the agency of Messrs. Tillotson and Son's Syndicate.

Miss Ada Cambridge's new novel, to which she has given the title of "Mater Familias," will be published very shortly in book form, in this country by Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co., and in America by Messrs. Appleton and Co. Both firms have published previous books for this well-known author.

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman has recently written a short story for publication in the forthcoming Christmas number of the *Queen*.

Messrs. Sir W. C. Leng and Co. have, we hear, recently purchased the serial rights in a new novel by Mr. Morley Roberts, and will run it at an early date through their large and well-known syndicate of newspapers.

Mr. Elkin Mathews will shortly publish a series of impressionist studies of Child Life in Wales, under the title "Some Welsh Children," by the author of "Fraternity."

"The Little White Hood" is the title of a novel upon which Mrs. Coulson Kernahan is now at work. It may be expected not very long after the issue of her new book, "Trewennet of Guy's," which is to be Mr. John Long's first publication.

Mr. Walter Raymond has finished his new novel, which he calls "The Men of Mendip." It will run through *Longman's Magazine* this summer, and be published by Messrs. Longman in the autumn. It is a modern story, and, perhaps, the most graceful and finished book which this promising writer has yet given us.

The Rev. W. K. Bedford, the chaplain to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem, has in hand a very curious book based on the history of Warwickshire, and particularly of the Warwickshire of Shakespeare's time. He has, for this work, some quaint and extremely valuable county maps which throw light upon many disputed names and places, and which should help him to produce a most interesting volume.

The "Tompkins Poems" from the *Daily Chronicle* are to be published very shortly by Mr. John Lane. They will include nearly all Mr. Barry Pain's poems which have appeared in that paper, whether under the signature of the philosophic costermonger or anonymously.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins, who has been making considerable studies in the romantic history of old France, is now busy upon a novel touching the fruitful epoch of Francis I. This writer's book upon the dungeons of Paris has enjoyed much success, and is still finding a growing public.

Mr. Herbert Ward, whose work upon the Upper Congo is practically a standard book, intends shortly to publish a collection of stories, illustrated by himself, and telling of the strange life of several races which are almost unknown to us. Mr. Ward has visited people of the Congo among whom no white man has set foot, and has witnessed scenes there, of which, he says, no one could speak or write.

Mr. Marriott Watson is writing a new romance of a popular character, which is to be ready for serial publication by mid-summer. The story by him which is now running in *Harper's Round Table* will be published in book form next autumn by Harper Bros., both in England and America.

With the March number ends the connection between *Black and White* and the *Ludgate Monthly*. It is the intention of Mr. F. V. White, the new proprietor, to edit the magazine himself, for the present at any rate. The decision of the directors of *Black and White* to dispose of the magazine was prompted, we believe, not by dissatisfaction with its progress, but by the action of the shareholders of the company at the last general meeting, when a pledge was exacted from the Board restricting future enterprise.

Mr. Elkin Mathews will publish immediately another novel by the author of "The C Major of Life." It is called "The Adventures of a Goldsmith," and is a story of the famous plot of Georges Cadoudal, a conspiracy which occupied Napoleon's mind at the very moment he had determined to seat himself on an Imperial throne.

Miss Clemence Housman, whose novel, "The Wehr Wolf," won the praise of so many critics, has finished a new book, which Messrs. Duckworth and Co. will publish this spring under the title of "The Unknown Sea."

We are to have a book of short stories by Mr. Edwin Pugh this spring. His novel, "Tony Drum," will, according to present arrangements, appear some time in the autumn.

Some unauthorised notices have appeared to the effect that, with the issue of Mr. Laurence Binyon's "Second Book of London Visions," the Shilling Garland Series will come to an end. It is true that the "Shilling Garland" will be suspended for a time, and (not necessarily superseding it) "The Garland of New Poetry: an Anthology of Unpublished Pieces by Various Writers" will be issued in the autumn annually.

The successor to "Admirals All" will be entitled "Indian Elegies and Love Songs," and will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews immediately. The author is Mr. Manmohan Ghose, son of a doctor in Bengal. Mr. Ghose is a lecturer in English Literature under Government in Bengal, and has been for some time at Presidency College, Calcutta, but has lately been transferred to Dacca. Mr. Ghose was a contributor to the little Oxford forerunner of the "Shilling Garland," "Primavera: Poems by Four Authors." Two of Mr. Ghose's associates in that slim volume—Mr. Laurence Binyon and Mr. Stephen Phillips—have since gained great distinction in the realm of letters.

Mr. Andrew Lang informs us that in his new book he will not reply to Mr. Grant Allen, as erroneously stated in our last number.

Messrs. Redway will shortly publish an important work in two volumes on "The Social Condition of England during the First Decades of the Present Century." The author is the Rev. W. C. Sydney, and the new volumes will form a sequel to a previous work on "The Social Life of the Eighteenth Century."

We understand that Messrs. Kegan Paul and Co. propose to issue in shilling volumes the sermons of Robertson of Brighton that will soon be out of print. One of the great preacher's old friends will probably preface the reprint.

Dr. W. G. Blaikie of Edinburgh has completed his biography of the late Principal Brown of Aberdeen, and it will probably be published in spring by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. Dr. Blaikie is himself an Aberdonian, and had a life-long acquaintance with Principal Brown, who lived on well into the nineties.

We are glad to hear that Mr. Douglas Sladen's remodelled "Who's Who," a marvel of cheapness, fulness, and excellence, has been cordially welcomed by the public. The edition of the second issue is much larger than that of the first, large as that was.

Mr. W. W. Jacobs is determined that his work shall not be marred by over production. He means to publish but one book next year, and that will be a long novel upon which he will spend the remaining months of this year.

Mr. Laurence Binyon will follow Mr. Manmohan Ghose with a "Second Book of London Visions" in the Shilling Garland Series.

Messrs. Harper Brothers announce a large second edition of Mr. Frank R. Stockton's new novel, "The Great Stone of Sardis." "The Kentuckians," a novel by John Fox, Junior, which has been very well received in the States, is also having a large sale in this country.

Miss M. E. Coleridge, whose novel, "The King with Two Faces," is attracting so much attention, is, we believe, the author of a small volume of poems published last year by Mr. Elkin Mathews. The title is "Fancy's Guerdon," by Anodos, and the little book is published in the same form as Mr. Newbolt's "Admirals All." We give one of the short poems:—

A HUGUENOT.

O, a gallant set were they,
As they charged us on that day,
A thousand riding like one!
Their trumpets crying,
And their white plumes flying,
And their sabres flashing in the sun.

O, a sorry lot were we,
As we stood beside the sea,
Each man for himself as he stood!
We were scattered and lonely—
A little force only
Of the good men fighting for the good.

But I never loved more,
On sea or on shore,
The ringing of my own true blade.
Like lightning it quivered,
And the hard helms shivered,
As I sang: "None maketh me afraid!"

Messrs. Duckworth and Co., the new publishers of 3, Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W.C., announce for early publication "Studies in Biography," by Leslie Stephen, in 2 vols.; Mr. Edward Clodd's new book on "Savage Philosophy in Folk-Tale"; "An Introduction to Historical Studies," by MM. Ch. V. Langlois and Ch. Seignobos: authorised translation by G. G. Berry, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, with a Preface by Professor York Powell; "The Fire of Life," a novel, by Charles K. Burrow; "Jean Jacques Rousseau and the Origins of Literary Cosmopolitanism," a study of the literary relations between France and England during the eighteenth century, by Dr. Joseph Texte: authorised translation, with the author's latest corrections, by J. W. Matthews; "The Saints," a new series of lives of the saints in separate volumes: English editor, Rev. Father Tyrrell, S.J.; the first four volumes will be: "The Psychology of the Saints," by Henri Joly; "St. Augustine," by Professor Ad. Hatzfeld; "St. Clotilda," by Professor G. Kurth; "St. Vincent de Paul," by Prince Emmanuel de Broglie.

MONTHLY REPORTS OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JANUARY 24TH TO FEBRUARY 19TH, 1898.

(1) ENGLAND.

The commencement of the period under notice was a busy time, the sales of educational literature forming its principal feature. What becomes of all the books appears to be as great a cause for wonder as the final resting place of the thousands of tons of pins manufactured (and lost) each year. And yet if one looks at a school book after the average boy has used it for a term or two, there may be some clue to the solution of the problem propounded.

At the risk of repetition it must be stated that the 6s. novel is still a leading line, and many of these publications now in demand bid fair to occupy a niche in the great temple of English literature. It is doubtful if the proportion of these to the entire annual issue is half-a-dozen in a thousand. The favourite novel of the hour is "The King with Two Faces," the next being "The Gadfly," "The Tragedy of the Korosko," and "At the Cross Roads." Miss Braddon's new novel, "Rough Justice," is well to the front.

General Roberts' "Forty-one Years in India," and works by competent writers on this country, and the North-West Provinces especially, are being eagerly read just now. Naval and military literature, written in a popular form, such as "Deeds that Won the Empire," is also in great request. Several books dealing with China and Korea have lately appeared and met with a fair sale.

The approach of Lent has been heralded, as usual, by the issue of many small manuals of meditations and works with somewhat depressing titles, but the total amount of the business done does not, notwithstanding the numbers sold in some instances, amount to a very large sum.

Prince Ranjitsinhji's work on Cricket is still very popular, and should continue to be so when the cricket season begins in England.

Mention must be made of Sandow's book on Strength, which has sold by thousands.

There appears to be a better demand for poetry than has been the case for some time past. As an instance, Mr. Stephen Phillips' poems may be noted, as also "Admirals All" and Mr. Watson's "Hope of the World." The sale of each of these points to a considerable and appreciative public for this class of writings.

There is nothing fresh to report in the magazine world. It is still a very large one, and the production of the leading monthly periodicals at their respective prices is a wonder of the century.

Among theological publications, Canon Gore's "Epistle to the Ephesians" and "The Faith of Centuries" alone appear to call for notice.

Appended, as usual, will be found a list of the most popular works (from a bookseller's point of view) of the hour. A glance at it will be sufficient to confirm what has already been said about the popularity of the 6s. novel.

The King with Two Faces. By M. E. Coleridge. 6s. (Arnold.)
The Gadfly. By E. L. Voynich. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Tragedy of the Korosko. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)
At the Cross Roads. By F. F. Montrésor. 6s. (Hutchinson.)
The Christian. By Hall Caine. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The War of the Worlds. By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Sign of the Cross. By Wilson Barrett. 6s. (Macqueen.)
Rough Justice. By M. E. Braddon. 6s. (Simpkin.)
The Adventures of John Johns. By F. Carrel. 6s. (Bliss.)
The School for Saints. By J. O. Hobbes. 6s. (Unwin.)
The Beth Book. By Sarah Grand. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The Triumph of Death. By D'Annunzio. 6s. (Heinemann.)
In Kedar's Tents. By H. S. Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Deborah of Tod's. By Mrs. H. de la Pasture. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)
Lochinvar. By S. R. Crockett. 6s. (Methuen.)
The Jubilee Book of Cricket. By K. S. Ranjitsinhji. 6s. (Blackwood.)
Lenten Manuals (Various.)
The Friends of the Master. By A. F. W. Ingram. 1s. 6d. (Wells Gardner.)
The Faith of Centuries. 7s. 6d. (Nisbet.)
Deeds that Won the Empire. By W. H. Fitchett. 6s. (Smith and Elder.)
Ribstone Pippins. By Maxwell Grey. 3s. 6d. (Harper.)
The Epistle to the Ephesians. By Canon Gore. 3s. 6d. (J. Murray.)
Poems. By Stephen Phillips. 4s. 6d. net. (Nutt.)
More Tramps Abroad. By Mark Twain. 6s. (Chatto.)
Strength. By E. Sandow. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale and Polden.)
Rosa N. Carey's Novels. New 3s. 6d. edition. (Bentley.)
Alice in Wonderland. By L. Carroll. 2s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

Weekly Summary of the Wholesale Book Trade.

Week ending
Jan. 29, 1898.—Trade continues brisk, considerable orders being received for school books. Foreign business also good.
Feb. 5, „ —A lighter week for the home trade; the close of school book season approaching. The export branches are still well employed.
„ 12, „ —Trade about the same as last week at commencement, but finished somewhat quiet. Colonial and foreign departments not quite so busy.
„ 19, „ —Lent imminent; a synonym for a quiet time in the home trade. There is no change in colonial and foreign branches.

January 20th to February 20th, 1898.

(2) SCOTLAND.

What is usually looked upon as a dull month in publishing has been, fortunately for the booksellers, somewhat brisk, owing mainly to the recent printers' strike having delayed the issue of several important works. Biography has been much in evidence. Spurgeon's Autobiography, McCarthy's Story of Gladstone's Life, and the Life of Joseph Arch have all been well received, and gained a good sale.

Several books of travel have also had prominence, notably those connected with China, Africa, and the Klondyke. Very close upon the annual celebrations of the immortal memory of Burns came the opportune reissue by the Messrs. Jack, of Edinburgh, of Mr. Henley's brilliant and combative essay on the life, genius, and achievement of the poet. This was readily stocked by the wholesalers, and not only has it met with a large sale, but it has led to a revival of interest in such works as "The Ideals of Burns," "George Thomson the Friend of Burns," and Chambers' serial issue of "Burns' Life and Works."

In the "Famous Scots Series" two important additions have been made—James Thomson and Robert Fergusson. The latter has had much attention called to it, and both have been readily taken up by the trade. The completion of the "Expositor's Bible" by the publication of the second volume of the "Twelve Prophets" by Professor George Adam Smith may be noticed as the leading theological work of the month, and in devotional literature Dr. Alexander Whyte's "Santa Teresa" and "Father John of the Greek Church" have commanded a ready sale.

Six shillings still continues the popular price for novels. In addition to those mentioned last month, the following have been well taken up:—Stanley Weyman's "Shrewsbury," Conan Doyle's "Tragedy of Korosko," and Miss Braddon's "Rough Justice."

The visit of Sandow to Scotland has not only resulted in more attention being given to physical training, but his work on "Strength and How to Obtain it" has, to the profit of the trade, sold in hundreds all over the country.

The magazines seem always to be with us, as their several publishing days are spread well over the month. This, no doubt, has helped to give many of them more publicity than they had formerly, when they were issued all at one time, the result being increase of magazine business. Illustrated magazines still lead, but it is worthy of note that *Chambers' Journal* maintains its position in Scotland, though without illustrations.

The *Strand*, *Pearson's*, *Windsor*, and the *Quiver* are to the front, and there appears in the *Idler*, under its new proprietors, a determination to move forward. Perhaps the following books may be reckoned as having the largest sale during the month:—

Twain's More Tramps Abroad. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
The Beth Book. 6s. (Heinemann.)
The School for Saints. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)
Shrewsbury. 6s. (Longmans.)
Miss Balmaine's Past. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)
The Outlaws of the Marches. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)
Prof. G. A. Smith's Book of the Twelve Prophets. Vol. II. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
McCarthy's Life of Gladstone. 7s. 6d. (A. and C. Black.)
Friendship. 2s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Strength and How to Obtain it. 2s. 6d. net. (Gale and Polden.)
The Silence of God. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)
Story of British Coinage. 1s. (George Newnes).
Manners for Women. 1s. (James Bowden.)
Henley's Essay on Burns. 1s. (T. C. and E. C. Jack.)
Santa Teresa. 2s. (Oliphant.)
Father John of Greek Church. 2s. (Oliphant.)

Notice may also be taken of the good business done by the wholesale firms in cloth-bound cheap cut lines. Many of these books have been specially selected and issued by London firms engaged in what is termed the "remainder" trade.

NEW WRITERS.

MR. HENRY NEWBOLT

MR. HENRY JOHN NEWBOLT, whose little book of verses, "Admirals All," has met with such immediate and well-deserved success, was born in 1862. He comes of an old Hampshire military and naval family, and is the eldest son of the late Rev. Henry Francis Newbolt, Vicar of St. Mary's, Bilston, Staffordshire, and grandson of Captain Charles Newbolt, R.N., who had a short but brilliant career on H.M.S.'s *L'Aimable*, *Medusa*, *Menelaus*, and *Tyne*. Mr. Newbolt was educated at Clifton, where he was head of the school in 1881, and afterwards at Corpus Christi, Oxford, where he was secretary to the Union in 1885. At Clifton he was a contemporary of Captain Younghusband and Mr. Quiller-Couch, and at Oxford of Mr. Anthony Hope Hawkins.

From Photo by] MR. HENRY NEWBOLT. [*Maull & Fox.*

He was called to the Bar in May, 1887, and has practised continuously up to the present time.

At Clifton Mr. Newbolt edited the *Cliftonian* from 1879 to 1881, and it was in the school magazine that his first poetical efforts appeared. In 1888 a small volume of verse from his pen was privately printed, but it was in 1892 when he published through Messrs. Chatto and Windus "Taken from the Enemy," a novel dealing with an attempted rescue of Napoleon from St. Helena in 1821, that his name first came before the general reading public. Three years ago a more ambitious piece of work "Mordred—a Tragedy," in five acts of blank verse, was issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin. "Mordred" is based on the Arthurian legend, but the subject is treated from a new and altogether un-Tennysonian point of view. The reviews of the book were about equally divided between two very opposite opinions; half of them were warmly eulogistic of both style and idea, the other half regarded it as an outrage that anyone should dare to touch a subject so completely appropriated by Tennyson, and especially that Arthur should be put upon the stage as other than "the blameless king."

From 1890 onwards Mr. Newbolt contributed various pieces of verse to *Longman's Magazine*, the *Spectator*, the *St. James's Gazette*, and the *Daily Chronicle*, and several of these are included in "Admirals All," which was published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in October, 1897, in his "Shilling Garland" series, and is now in its ninth edition. A full-sized volume of verse will appear in the autumn, published in England by Mr. Elkin Mathews and in America by Mr. John Lane.

In his literary career Mr. Newbolt has received much kindly help and encouragement from Mr. Andrew Lang, Mr. Laurence Binyon, and Mr. Robert Bridges. The influence of the latter is often apparent in the metre and rhythm of his poems, especially in such pieces as "The Guides," "Vae Victis," and "He fell among Thieves."

A good deal has been made of the resemblance of Mr. Newbolt's ballads to some of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's poems, and it is interesting to know that his first songs were written just twenty years ago, and were, as he expresses it, "no more derived from Mr. Kipling's than his existence is." If there is any likeness, it can only be ascribed to common sources of inspiration.

The peculiar attractiveness of Mr. Newbolt's ballads is now so widely known and so fully appreciated that there is no need to dwell on them here. Mr. Newbolt has at one bound taken an honoured place among the poets who sing

"Of renown for ever clinging
To the great days done,"

and he has shown himself in "Mordred" to be possessed of a strong and powerful gift for serious dramatic verse.

In private life Mr. Newbolt is described by one who knows him as "a typical barrister, a keen sportsman, a good shot with gun and rifle, a moderate fisherman, and a bad rider."

THE READER.

MR. RUSKIN AND LADY MILLAIS.

THE wildest and most extravagantly untrue statements have appeared, especially in America, as to the story of Mr. Ruskin's married life. There exists a letter which will probably be printed when the time comes giving the whole story from Mr. Ruskin's point of view. In the meantime we may reprint a letter which has been strangely overlooked, though already published, by Mr. Ruskin to Miss Mitford:—

Keswick, Cumberland,
Good Friday, 1853.

MY DEAR MISS MITFORD,

The pain of deep self-reproach was mixed with the delight which your letter gave me yesterday. Two months back I was each day on the point of writing to ask for your sympathy—the kindest and keenest sympathy that, I think, ever filled the breadth and depth of an unselfish heart. But my purpose was variously stayed, chiefly, as I remember, by the events on the Continent, fraught to me with very deep disappointment, and casting me into a depression and fever of spirit which, joined with some other circumstances nearer home, have, until now that I am resting with my kind wife among these quiet hills, denied me the heart to write cheerfully to those very dear friends to whom I would fain never write sadly. And now your letter comes with all its sweetness and all its sting. My very dear lady, believe me, I am deeply gratified for your goodness, in a state of wonderment at its continuance to me—cold and unthankful as I have seemed—and I earnestly hope that in future it may not so frequently have to take the form of forgiveness, nor my sense of it that of remorse.

Nor did I shrink more from the silent blame than from the painful news of your letter, though I conjecture that your escape, though narrow, was complete—you say nothing of any hurt received. I hate ponies and everything four-legged, except an ass colt and an arm-chair. But you are better and the spring is come, and I hope, for I am sure you will allow me, to bring my young wife to be rejoiced (under the shadow of her new and grievous lot) by your kind comforting. But pray keep her out of your garden, or she will certainly lose her wits with pure delight or perhaps insist on staying with you and letting me find my way through the world by myself, a task which I should not *now* like to undertake. I should be very, very happy just now but for these wild storm-clouds bursting on my dear Italy and my fair France, my occupation gone, and all my earthly treasures (except the one I have just acquired and the everlasting Alps) periled amidst the "tumult of the people," the "imagining of vain things." Oh, my dear Miss Mitford, see what your favourite "Berangers" and "Gerald Griffins" do! But these are thoughts as selfish as they are narrow. I begin to feel that all the work I have been doing, and all the loves I have been cherishing, are ineffective and frivolous; that these are not times for watching clouds or dreaming over quiet waters, that more serious work is to be done, and that the time for endurance has come rather than for meditation, and for hope rather than for happiness. Happy those whose hope, without this severe and tearful rending away of all the props and stability of earthly enjoyments, has been fixed "where the wicked cease from troubling." Mine was not; it was based on "those pillars of the earth" which are "astonished at His reproof."

I have, however, passed this week very happily here. We have a good clergyman, Mr. Myers, and I am recovering trust and tranquillity, though I had been wiser to have come to your fair English pastures and flowering meadows, rather than to these moorlands, for they make me feel too painfully the splendour, not to be in any wise resembled or replaced, of those mighty scenes, which I can reach no more—at least for a time. I am thinking, however, of a tour among our English abbeys—a feature which our country possesses of peculiar loveliness. As for our mountains or lakes, it is in vain that they are defended for their finish or their prettiness. The people who admire them after Switzerland do not understand Switzerland—even Wordsworth does not. Our mountains are mere bogs and lumps of spongey moorland, and our lakes are little swampy fish-ponds. It is curious I can take more pleasure in the chalk downs of Sussex, which pretend to nothing, than in these would-be hills, and I believe I shall have more pleasure in your pretty lowland scenery and richly-painted gardens than in all the pseudo sublime of the barren highland, except Killiecrankie. I went and knelt beside the stone that marks the spot of Claver's deathwound, and prayed for more such spirits—we need them now.

My wife begs me to return her sincere thanks for your kind message, and to express to you the delight with which she looks forward to being presented to you—remembering what I told her among some of my first pleadings with her that, whatever faults she might discover in her husband, he could at least promise her friends, whom she would have every cause to love and to honour. She needs them, but I think also deserves them.

Ever, my dear Miss Mitford, believe me,
Faithfully and affectionately yours,
J. Ruskin.

P.S.—I ought to tell you that we have sent cards to *no one*, or most certainly this formality would not have been omitted with Miss Mitford.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C.B.

For forty-seven years Dr. Richard Garnett has been so closely associated with the British Museum that to imagine the one apart from the other is almost impossible and distinctly displeasing. Yet, under the regulation which requires the retirement of Civil servants at the age of sixty-five, the severance is within sight. Dr. Garnett's length of service is greater than that of any other official at the Museum. Born on February 27th, 1835, at Lichfield, he was appointed at the age of sixteen, on the death of his father, assistant in the Printed Book department. Richard Garnett, senior, who was for twelve years Assistant Keeper of Printed Books, was a profound scholar and an accomplished linguist.

After spending twenty-four years in the Printed Book department, Dr. Garnett was appointed Assistant Keeper and Superintendent of the Reading Room; nine years later, in 1884, he quitted the Reading Room in order to be able to give his principal attention to the printing of the General Catalogue, which he had superintended since 1881. In 1890 he succeeded to his present position as Keeper of Printed Books, and took up his residence at the Museum.

The walls of Dr. Garnett's workroom seem to be literally built of books. When in quest of him, I was directed to press an electric button in the King's Library, and having done so a dummy bookcase swung back, revealing an unsuspected passage to the office of the Keeper of Printed Books. Dr. Garnett's own works make a goodly show. In the catalogue there are against his name between fifty and sixty entries. His first publication was a volume of poems, "Primula," issued anonymously when he was twenty-three years old. The following year he published a collection of his father's philological essays, with a memoir, and also a second volume of verse, "Io in Egypt and other Poems." "Idylls and Epigrams, chiefly from the Greek Anthology," appeared in 1869. Since then Dr. Garnett has written or edited many works, his special interest being in poetry and biography. He has written Lives of Milton, Emerson, and Carlyle for the "Great Writers" series; and "The Age of Dryden" for the series of English literary histories edited by Professor Hales. He has edited the poetical works of Coleridge, the complete works of Thomas Love Peacock, Beckford's "Vathek," selections from Browning, and "Relics of Shelley," poetical fragments discovered by him among the poet's MSS. His prose also includes a volume of tales entitled "The Twilight of the Gods," which, according to its author, has been more praised and less read than anything he has written. He is an extensive contributor to the Encyclopædia Britannica and the Dictionary of National Biography, and a not infrequent writer for the reviews and magazines. Dr. Garnett's latest book, just issued, is a History of Italian Literature for Mr. Heinemann's series. He has undertaken to contribute to Mr. Fisher Unwin's "Builders of Greater Britain," his subject being Edward Gibbon Wakefield, Founder of the colony of New Zealand.

"Poems," published in 1893, contains a representative selection of Dr. Garnett's original verse, including "Primula" and "Io." His most recent volume of verse was "One Hundred and Twenty-four Sonnets from Dante, Petrarch, and Camoens," published in 1896. The volume on Italian literature also contains many translations of Italian poems.

Dr. Garnett told me that he was a versifier at a very early age. When a boy at school he composed long poems which were never written down, and he still remembers the titles of some of them. At the age of eighteen he began to write poetry in earnest. Now he is a rather fitful follower of the muse. "I write verse only when the impulse seizes me. I find one needs just as much inspiration or suggestion to make a translation as to write original matter."

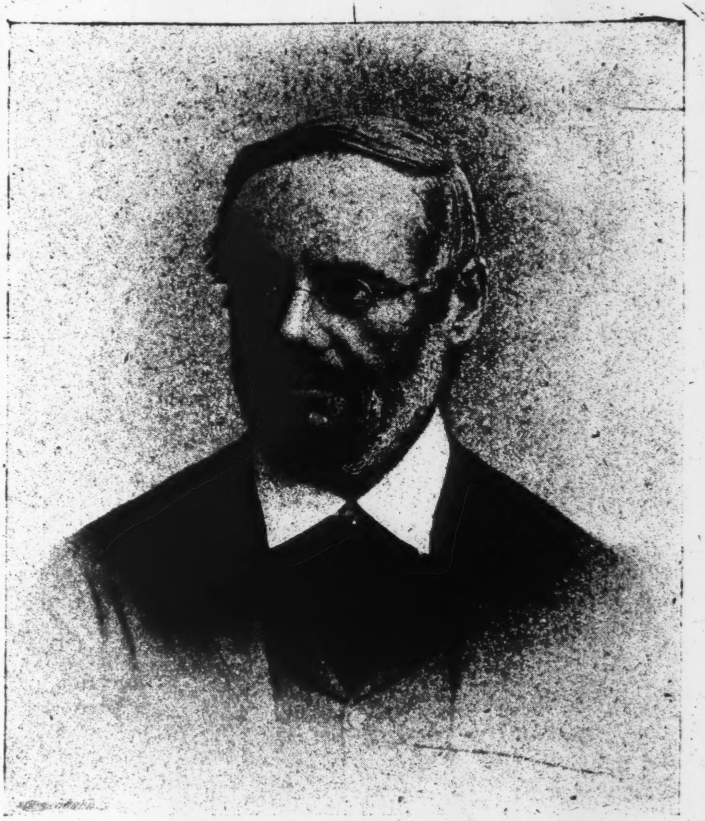


Photo by] [*Wilson & Co., Aberdeen.*

DR. RICHARD GARNETT, C B.

I asked Dr. Garnett whether during his long connection with the British Museum he had not met there a great number of notable literary people. He said he had met some, but not so many as might be expected. "The most eminent rarely come to the Museum. I remember in my early days here seeing Lord Macaulay writing his History. Mr. Gladstone was an occasional visitor. At one time Mr. Morley and Mr. Lecky were frequently here. Dr. Gardiner has spent a great deal of time in the Reading Room consulting our unique collection of Civil War tracts."

In reply to a question about the ordinary frequenters of the Reading Room, Dr. Garnett said: "We get all sorts of people. Nearly all come with some definite purpose. No doubt most of them are bent upon an object which to themselves is important. Of course many are unable to accomplish the task they set themselves. The late Mr. Cayley, translator of Dante, for a considerable time worked here every day at Sanscrit; with what result I do not know."

"Has the proportion of working-class readers increased during the past quarter of a century?"

"I think there has been an increase, but it is very slight." Dr. Garnett mentioned the case of a working printer who was specially interested in Assyrian cuneiform writing, and used to spend his dinner-hour at the Museum. Dr. Garnett took care that the books he required were placed ready for him, so that he could make the most of his time. The man came regularly for a considerable time, and then was not seen again. "Undoubtedly he had special aptitude for the study—George Smith, the famous decipherer of cuneiform writing, was an engraver of bank notes—but he could not do much in an hour, and perhaps we have lost a genius."

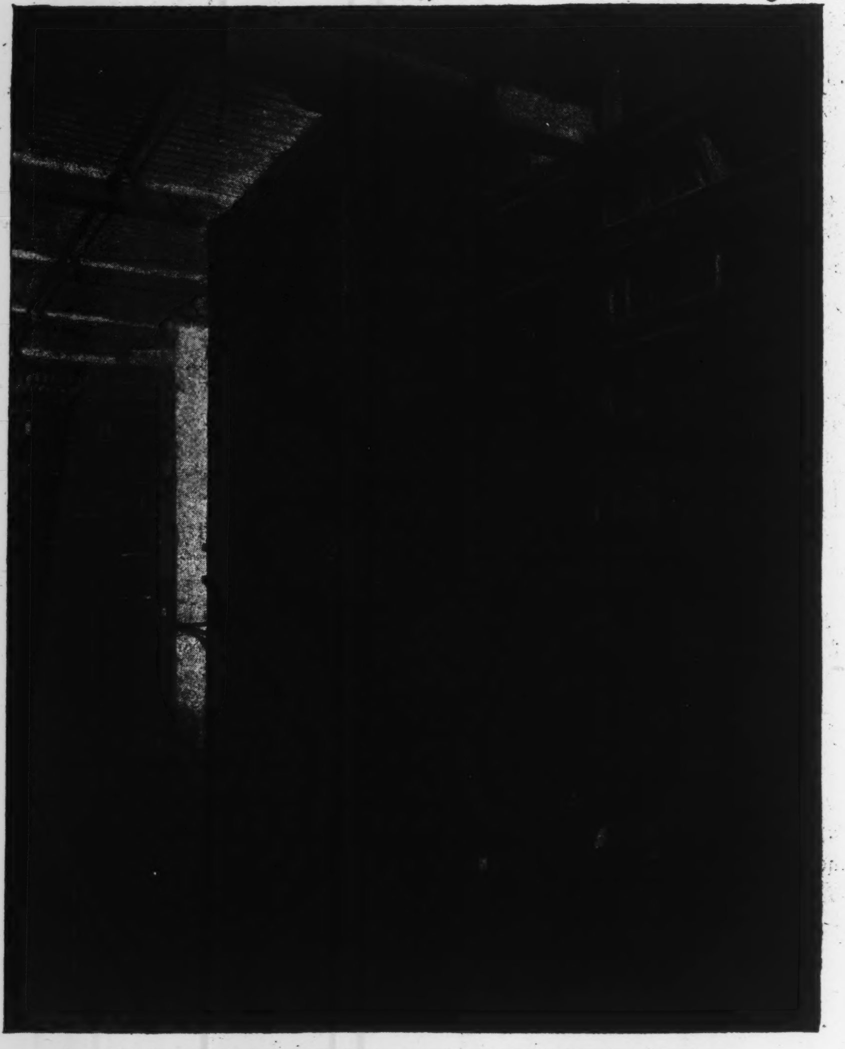
"Does the total number of readers increase very rapidly?"

"There was a steady growth until a year or two ago; since then the numbers have been practically stationary. The Reading Room is not now so full as it used to be. Before the electric light was introduced and the Museum opened in the evening, I have known as many as sixty people unable to obtain seats. Now the Room is meeting all the demands made upon it."

The Reading Room has 458 seats. When Dr. Garnett became superintendent in 1875 there were about 350 readers daily; the arrangements he was able to make for more promptly supplying books at once led to an increase. Now the average daily attendance is about 620.

A very important undertaking, for which Dr. Garnett became responsible in 1881, was the printing of the catalogue, a scheme which, having been taken up in 1839, and virtually abandoned, was resumed and carried into effect by the late Sir Edward Bond, then Principal Librarian. Instead of nearly 3,000 manuscript volumes, there will be, when completed, about 600 in clear type. On taking his present post, Dr. Garnett relinquished the active editorship of the catalogue, which is now in the hands of Mr. A. W. K. Miller, Assistant Keeper of Printed Books, but he continues to supervise it. The work will be finished next year or the following year at latest.

The Museum contains nearly two million volumes, and about a hundred thousand printed items of all descriptions are added yearly. The problem of finding accommodation for the rapidly increasing mass of printed matter has been solved in a very ingenious manner. A few years ago the available space seemed about to be exhausted, when almost by accident Dr. Garnett hit upon a method of nearly trebling it. At Bethnal Green Library, in 1886, he saw a device adopted to provide room for the extensive collection of specifications of patents, consisting of an additional book-press hinged upon the press it was desired to enlarge. At his desire Mr. Jenner, Assistant in the Library, went down to Bethnal Green, studied the system on the spot, and contrived the modification of it now in use at the Museum, known as "the sliding-presses." These are being introduced as required with the greatest success. The presses, constructed of light ironwork, and fitted with shelves on both sides, are hung in front of the fixed presses and can easily be moved backwards and forwards. The system is applicable over nearly the whole of the Library, and Dr. Garnett calculates that there will be plenty of room for all the books likely to be acquired during the lifetime of any living person. The saving to the nation by thus dispensing with the otherwise inevitable erection of new libraries is very great indeed, whilst the utility of such libraries would have been greatly impaired by their distance from the central reading room. The sliding-press has been recently introduced into the library of the India Office.



ONE OF THE SLIDING PRESSES IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM LIBRARY.

"What to do with the newspapers," Dr. Garnett remarked, "is still a serious problem. We tried the expedient of tying them up in bundles, but that did not answer, and we have had to revert to the system of binding them." In view of the enormous output it seems almost incredible that it is still found practicable to preserve in the Museum every newspaper, periodical, book, and pamphlet published in the United Kingdom, as well as many foreign ones. "We have destroyed a considerable number of imperfect duplicates, and given away a large quantity of valuable ones, but at least one copy of everything that issues from the press is kept. Every provincial newspaper will be worth five hundred times its present value five hundred years hence."

"What is the greatest treasure in the Printed Book department?"

"I should say the Mazarin Bible, the first book ever printed in Europe. After that, the books that would be most prized by Englishmen are those printed by Caxton. First editions of the Bible and Prayer Book in English—and we have a great collection—are specially valuable."

"Is any attempt ever made to palm off forgeries upon you?"

"There is one kind of forgery against which we have to be on our guard. We always look very critically at little books, especially collections of poems, professing to have been printed by the authors for private circulation. A few years ago there was offered in London a book professing to be an unknown edition of the famous letter in which Columbus announced his discovery of America. It was a deliberate fraud. The type of an old edition had been imitated very cleverly, and the paper stained to give it a faded appearance."

"What are the most important recent acquisitions in your department?"

"At the Ashburnham sale in the summer we secured a Caxton, 'The Doctrinal of Sapyence,' of which we had no copy. We also bought last year a Malermi Bible (1490), celebrated for its numerous beautiful woodcuts. This edition is so rare that it is not known to have been offered at any sale in England before. Another recent interesting acquisition is a copy of the first book printed in Australia; it is the life of a bushranger, and was issued in Hobart Town. Perhaps on the whole the most important purchases of late years have been in old Spanish literature. About £9,000 a year is spent in purchasing books for the Museum, most of the money being required for modern foreign works."

Besides the printing of the catalogue and the introduction of the sliding press, Dr. Garnett has promoted or advocated other improvements at the Museum tending to render science an auxiliary to library work. In an essay read at Dublin in 1884 he showed the advantage of the establishment of a photographic department under a salaried officer, which would enable photographic work to be executed for the public at a comparatively nominal cost. He has since advocated in print the connection of the reading-room and the library by a printing telegraph, to convey the reader's request for a book to the library at the very instant of his writing it down in the reading-room, thus abolishing the delays incident to the collection and transmission of tickets under the present system.

Numerous honours and distinctions have been conferred upon Dr. Garnett. He has been President of the Library Association and also of the Bibliographical Society. In 1883 he received the honorary degree of LL.D. from Edinburgh University, and three years ago he was made a C.B. It is characteristic of his modesty that he prefers to be called "Mr." Garnett, though it is to be feared few respect his preference, for in appearance and attainments he is exactly the kind of man whom it is natural and fitting to address as Doctor. He is not only a keeper of books, but an ardent lover of them, and during all these years he has pursued his work at the Museum with unflagging enthusiasm and devotion. I ventured to inquire whether, in the event of his leaving the Museum, he had made any plans for the future. "My wish," he said, "will be to continue to do literary work if my health permit, but I have not made any particular plans. They will depend on circumstances."

There is promise of the literary character of the family being maintained by Dr. Garnett's son, Edward, who is the author of two tales, "The Paradox Club" and "Light and Shadow," and also of "The Imaged World," a collection of prose-poems, illustrated by Mr. William Hyde, one of the most poetical of living artists. A. D.

NOVELISTS AS DRAMATISTS.

I.—THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL.

Dr. Conan Doyle—Mr. Anthony Hope—Mr. Stanley Weyman—Mr. Gilbert Parker.

BY EDWARD MORTON.

THE novelist and the dramatist work towards the same end by such different means that it is not astonishing how few writers have succeeded alike, as Bulwer Lytton succeeded, in one medium of fiction and the other. Novelists have written plays, and dramatists have written novels, though I do not remember any other example of a living dramatist's novel than Mr. Sydney Grundy's "The Days of his Vanity," of which I remember nothing but the name. Mr. Wilson Barrett's narrative version of his drama "The Sign of the Cross" was only the play in a novel form. If such a sordid consideration may be entertained for one moment, the dramatist's reward—in a mere worldly sense—is much greater than the publishers can offer. A very popular novelist not long ago assured the present writer that the fees he had divided with the author of a dramatic version of one of his novels had made him richer than all his books put together. At the time of writing, I believe, Mr. J. M. Barrie still derives from the representations of "The Little Minister," in this country and in America, a tidy sum of £400 a week. In condescending to such "disgusting details," as Dr. Johnson said in discussing a question of domestic finance, it is simply my intention to show that it is with no beggarly gift of Fame that the theatre in these days appeals to the literary man. The theatre is sadly in want of good plays, and the theatre can afford to pay for them.

The novelists are not irresponsive. At the Haymarket Theatre, where "The Little Minister" of Mr. J. M. Barrie is an established success, a novelist will follow a novelist, for the next piece at that theatre will be by Dr. Conan Doyle. The name of a third novelist is indirectly associated with Dr. Doyle in the authorship of "The Brothers," for the piece was suggested by a story by Mr. James Payn, who had produced, many years ago, a play upon the subject—his first and last contribution to the theatre. Reversing the ordinary process, Mr. Payn turned his unsuccessful play into a book, in which Dr. Doyle has found the germ, at least, of his new piece. Dr. Conan Doyle is also writing a play in which a character he has already made famous in fiction—Sherlock Holmes, the detective—will take the stage. This play, however, is no mere adaptation of the well-known stories of Sherlock Holmes, for the detective will appear as the hero of fresh adventures. It is not improbable that the character may be taken by a popular actor who has already been furnished with one of his most effective parts by the same author. For Dr. Doyle's little play, "A Story of Waterloo," gave a fine part to Sir Henry Irving, whose impersonation of the aged, decrepit, tetchy Corporal Brewster, with his enthusiasm, to the last, for "the Dook," is certainly not the least memorable of that actor's achievements in his later years. This little play was so dexterously adapted to the stage from a short story by the same hand that the obligations of Dr. Doyle, the dramatist, to Dr. Doyle, the novelist, were not even suspected by the critics of the theatre. In the play, the author's faculty as a dramatist is shown by the selection as well as by the rejection of materials of the story. Dr. Conan Doyle began as a dramatist by "trying his wings," as Alexandre Dumas advised young dramatists to do, with a short piece. Although his name had appeared in a playbill before the production of "A Story of Waterloo," as joint author with Mr. Barrie of the comic opera "Jane Annie; or, the Good Conduct Prize," his first contribution to the theatre was a witty, ingenious trifle called "Foreign Policy," played for a short season, five years ago, at Terry's Theatre.

Coming events at the theatre include also a new comedy, by Mr. "Anthony Hope," called "The Adventures of Lady Ursula," which has already been played in America under another name. In the dramatic version of "The Prisoner of Zenda," which introduced Mr. Hope to the theatre, there was not so much of Mr. Hope as of Mr. Edward Rose, who prepared the story for the stage. If the play did not reproduce the characteristic graces of the author of the story of "The Prisoner of Zenda," the fault lies with the adaptor, and not altogether with him, but with the nature of things, for Mr. Hope's wit is of a volatile kind, which evaporates on the stage. Even when the very words of the novel were repeated on the stage they were less effective than the commonplace language of the theatre, in which the play, for the most part, was written. Wit is not the sole substance of a play. It is not even an essential. A play appeals not so much to the understanding as to the feelings, not so directly to the mind as to the heart and the eye; and Mr. Rose's homespun was better suited to the wear and tear of the stage than the airy texture of Mr. Hope's work.

Mr. Stanley Weyman has given nothing more to the theatre than his consent to the dramatization of his novel "Under the Red Robe." Two authors more unlike than Mr. Anthony Hope and Mr. Stanley Weyman could hardly be named, yet Mr. Edward Rose, who understands the business of the stage, has reduced them to a common denomination, and has made of "Under the Red Robe" a popular play in exactly the same style and of the same class exactly as "The Prisoner of Zenda." Mr. Weyman, however, has nothing of Mr. Hope's ardour for the theatre. I am told that he did not even see the play founded on his novel till long after it was produced on the stage. Of "The Man in Black" a dramatic version has already been produced outside London. But the drama of "cape and sword" is already going out of fashion, and Mr. Weyman's novels for the future may escape the attentions of the dramatist in search of the picturesque. Dramatic as the episodes are in Mr. Weyman's stories, the feeling for the theatre is not exhibited in his work as it is in that of Mr. Anthony Hope, who has the instinct of polite comedy, and even adopts a dramatic form in the dialogue of his novels. A succession of episodes, dramatic in themselves, does not constitute a drama. Every scene of a play must be a dependent part of the whole; on the other hand, in a novel of adventure, the scenes are connected only like the separate railway carriages of a train. In adopting such novels for the stage, the dramatist has to leave out even more than he has to put in; and neither course is an improvement upon the original design. The sentimental blackguard of the acting version of "Under the Red Robe" is a less consistent character than the Gil de Berault of the novel, and the dignity of Cardinal Richelieu was demeaned on the stage by the mean theatrical artifice to which he resorted for the purpose of making the lovers happy in the end.

When the author of a popular novel dramatises his own work, he may fare no better. He may fare even worse. Mr. Gilbert Parker's experiment with "The Seats of the Mighty" may be taken as an example—and a warning. Mr. Parker, however, is commonly said to have written this piece under the very eye of the actor who played the leading part. Such a course is not invariably an advantage. The result in this particular case was that the interest of the play was concentrated upon the figure of Doltaire, instead of upon the intrigue in which he was concerned, and the hero and heroine of the novel were unceremoniously pushed aside to make way for the overweening villain. For this breach of the rules, Mr. Parker had to pay the penalty. That he should have erred in this way, and erred deliberately, is surprising, for Mr. Parker was not, as was generally supposed, a writer utterly inexperienced in the ways of the theatre. In his colonial days, before he made a world-wide reputation as a novelist, he wrote for the stage. But his plays have not come over the sea to us.

THE JOURNALIST.

THE STAFF OF THE *GLOBE AND TRAVELLER*.

Since the issue of the first number on January 1st, 1803, the *Globe* has appeared daily, without a single intermission, and is now the oldest evening newspaper in the world. Launched by London publishers as the *Globe and Literary Advertiser*, it has throughout its long career been strong on the literary side, and given an opening to many new writers. In 1830 a journal called the *Traveller* was incorporated with the *Globe*, and the title changed accordingly. Sir George Armstrong, who is now sole proprietor, bought the paper in 1873. At that time it was being run at a loss by the Tory party, though in its earlier days it sided with the "Whigs." Sir George made it an independent Conservative organ, and in his hands it has steadily prospered. From 1885 to 1891 the paper was edited by Mr. Ponsonby Ogle, who now roams about the world, occasionally turning up unexpectedly in his old quarters; and from 1891 to 1895 by Mr. William Algernon Locker, who joined the literary staff in 1886. On his acceptance of the editorship of the *Morning Post*, Mr. Locker was succeeded by Lieutenant George Elliot Armstrong, who four years previously, in order to join the staff of his father's paper, had resigned his commission, after serving thirteen years in the Navy. He is an occasional contributor to the magazines, and two years ago published a textbook on "Torpedoes and Torpedo Vessels." Lieut. Armstrong enjoys the distinction of being the first naval officer known to edit a London daily. In many respects the navy is excellent training-ground for the journalist; an officer has varied experience of men and affairs, sees the world in many aspects, and gets direct knowledge of places and local conditions which is of immense service to him when he comes to deal with questions relating to them. Thirty-two years of age, Lieut. Armstrong is the youngest editor of a daily in London. Every morning at nine o'clock the editorial staff assemble in his room for conference and the allocation of work. There are at least eight regular daily editorial writers on the *Globe*, and there is more editorial writing in it than in any other evening paper. It is not the practice at 367, Strand to have a few leader-writers who deal with everything under the sun; the leaders are usually written by men who have expert knowledge of the subject with which they deal. The "turnover," a distinctive feature, is often written by some of the foremost literary men and women of the day, and it has been the starting point of many famous literary careers. Mr. W. Davenport Adams is head of the reviewing department. Mr. Joseph Knight has been the chief dramatic critic for about a quarter of a century. Mr. Davenport Adams also writes about the drama; he generally does the critique of burlesques, and contributes the column, "Plays and Players." The music critic is Mr. Barclay Squire (who occupies an official position in the British Museum). Mr. L. L. Baldry is art critic, and is responsible for the column, "Art and Artists." "Men and Matters" is written by the staff. "By the Way," one of the most difficult departments of the paper to keep at a high level, is also written every morning in the office by two or three members of the staff. The *Globe* was the first daily paper to publish Notes on naval and military matters; the former are supplied by a chief engineer in the navy, the latter by an officer in the army. "Fashions and Fancies" is written by Mrs. Humphry ("Madge" of *Truth*). Owing to the difficulty which an evening paper experiences in obtaining telegraphic news to arrive in time for publication in all its editions, the *Globe* confines its foreign correspondence chiefly to letters, though on urgent occasions, such as in war time, the telegraph is freely used. The chief assistant editor is Mr. Wadham Peacock, who was at one time private secretary to Sir Kirby Green, British Minister in Montenegro and Consul-General in North Albania. The chief sub-editor is Mr. E. Garrish, who has held the post for many years. The offices have been at 367, Strand, since 1883; before then they were at 110, Strand. Four years ago the premises were burnt to the ground; when the staff arrived at eight o'clock on the morning of Christmas Eve they found the place in ashes, but by half-past one the paper was out as usual, thanks to the duplicate plant and machinery at the office of the *People*, which is connected with the same proprietorship. The ordinary passer-by has no suspicion of the extensive and elaborate premises that lie behind the modest frontage in the Strand. They were built specially for the *Globe*, and are splendidly equipped. As announced in every issue, the paper is set up by the Linotype composing machine, Sir George Armstrong having been the first newspaper proprietor to use that machine in the production of a London daily. The printing machines include three "Victory's," which together can turn out 2,000 copies per minute. The "Lino" machines are worked either by steam or electricity, and motors are shortly to be fitted for driving the printing machinery. On these machines a paper of eight, ten, twelve, fourteen, sixteen, or thirty-two pages can be printed. The special edition is never less than ten pages. The *Globe* generally manages to present news "red-hot." For instance, within half-a-minute after a race has been decided, an edition containing the result has been selling on the streets. The *Globe* was the only paper that came out with the news of the Terriss murder the night it occurred. Its "Special" edition is the latest in London. Ordinarily, there are five editions—12.15, Second; 1.20, Fourth; 3.20, Fifth; 4.20, Early Special; 6.20, Special. Extra Specials are issued any time up to midnight, if occasion arise. The circulation of the *Globe* is now larger than it has ever been, and altogether the concern is in a highly prosperous condition. Mr. W. T. Madge, the business manager, has been connected with the paper for thirty years. He is joint proprietor with Sir George Armstrong of the *People*.

NEWS OF THE MONTH.

Mr. Sidney Low, late editor of the *St. James's Gazette*, is now in the United States, where he will stay about three months inquiring into the condition of the country. Mr. Low has been made an honorary member of several clubs, and the Lotus Club will give a dinner in his honour. Mr. Maurice Low, a brother of Mr. S. Low, lives at Washington, and acts as correspondent of the *Daily Chronicle*.

Mr. J. P. Brodhurst, editor of the *St. James's Budget*, is now, in addition to his other duties, devoting considerable attention to the affairs of the *St. James's Gazette*. Mr. Brodhurst's chief assistants on the *Budget* are Mr. E. W. Richardson and Mr. Percy Home, the last-named a young artist whose sketches have attracted considerable attention, and who gives promise of much good work.

Mr. Harman, late chief reporter of the *Grimsby Gazette*, has become a sub-editor on the staff of the *Central News*.

Mr. Henry Rose, to whom reference was made in our last issue, is the editor of the new sixpenny monthly, the *Sculptor*, the first number of which appeared on February 12th.

Miss Laura Alex. Smith, who wrote the article on the Poet Laureate in the February number of the *Lady's Realm*, is contributing to the *Western Weekly News* a series of interviews with "Western Women of Note."

A syndicate of enterprising Newcastle and Stockton gentlemen have bought and intend to carry on the *Stockton and Thornaby News*. They have secured the professional assistance on the board of Mr. William Kyle, sub-editor of the *North Star*, Darlington. It is intended, while making the *News* a purely local paper, to give it a literary tone.

Cornwall sub-district of the Institute of Journalists has, mainly through the energy of its chairman, Mr. Oscar Blackford, of Truro, held an Orphan Fund dinner, the proceeds of which were more than £100.

The presentation of the public testimonial to Sir J. A. Willox, M.P., editor of the *Liverpool Courier*, in recognition of the knighthood recently conferred upon him, took place at an At Home held by the Lord Mayor in the Town Hall. The illuminated address of congratulation was accompanied by a life-sized portrait, in oils, of Sir J. A. Willox, painted by Mr. R. E. Morrison. Lady Willox was presented with a richly-jewelled tiara.

Mr. Edwin Landseer Grundy, who had been connected with the *Liverpool Mercury* as art critic and writer since 1882, died on February 12th, in his sixty-first year. He was the eldest son of the late Mr. John Clowes Grundy, of Manchester, one of the founders of the Printsellers' Association. He leaves two sons.

Mr. B. W. Molton, formerly of the *Wolverhampton Express and Star*, has been appointed to the reporting staff of the *Bath Herald*, in succession to Mr. L. H. Wilson, who has broken down in health.

Illness preventing Mr. F. A. Mackenzie taking up his appointment as sub-editor of the *Outlook*, the post is occupied by Mr. Philip Sergeant.

The death has taken place of Mr. William Mason, editor of the *Retford, Worksop, Isle of Axholme, and Gainsborough News*, at the age of forty-four.

Mr. McInnes, of the reporting staff of the *Yorkshire Post*, has been appointed a reporter on the *Manchester Guardian*.

Mr. C. E. Piggott, late of the *Stockport Advertiser*, has joined the *Hampshire Observer* at Winchester as a reporter.

The *Oxfordshire County News* is the title of a new weekly paper. Mr. Taylor, late of Cambridge, is the chief promoter of the new venture, and it is said an up-to-date illustrated journal is what he aims at producing.

Mr. H. B. Robinson, of Warwick, has joined the *Grimsby Daily Mail* as a reporter.

SCOTLAND.

Mr. A. Urquhart, of the *Glasgow Evening Citizen* reporting staff, has been appointed to a position on the sub-editorial staff of the *Hull Daily News*. Before leaving Glasgow, Mr. Urquhart received a presentation from his fellow-journalists.

Mr. W. Paterson, who has had charge of the *North British Daily Mail* branch office at Paisley for some years, has been appointed chief reporter on the *Paisley Daily Express*. Mr. A. Maclaren, of the *N. B. Daily Mail* head office in Glasgow, succeeds Mr. Paterson at Paisley.

Mr. J. A. McAra, of the *Edinburgh Evening News*, has been appointed to the Court of Session staff of the *Glasgow Herald*.

Mr. J. Townsend Smith, of Aberdeen, has lately become proprietor of the *Peterhead Sentinel*, of which Mr. Leathem, a well-known Aberdonian of Radical proclivities, has been made editor and manager.

IRELAND.

Mr. Standish O'Grady, the well-known Irish novelist, has bought the *Kilkenny Moderator*, and taken up the work of editing and conducting that journal. He feels strongly on the Financial Relations Question, and wishes to have a free hand in dealing with it. Before his departure for the Marble City he was entertained at dinner in Dublin, the Recorder being in the chair, and his portrait, by Mr. Yeats, father of Mr. W. B. Yeats, was presented to him.

NEW BOOKS.

THE GLOBE EDITION OF CHAUCER.*

The preface to the Globe edition of Chaucer gives some interesting history of the way in which the edition began, of many eminent scholars who were called upon to take part in it, and of the influences that have led on the one hand to Mr. Skeat's great work, the Oxford edition of Chaucer, and on the other to this present book. The story is not without dignity; it touches upon the life of Mr. Henry Bradshaw, the great scholar, who was so ready to help in the work of others, and completed so little of his own; and it has a special and personal interest in its dedication, as a tribute from younger men to the indomitable courage of Dr. Furnivall, the pioneer who says "ley hond to, every man," and who has shown the way into so many uncleared and profitable countries, and taken his mariners into many a pleasant havens.

The editors, with Mr. Pollard as their foreman, pay their respects also to the Oxford Chaucer, the elder half-brother of the Globe edition, and salute the work of Mr. Skeat with the honour it deserves, and with some apology for their rivalry with his "Student's Chaucer." As to that, there is no reason for anxiety; the two books bring out the merits of one another, and those who read Chaucer will find themselves happy in the possession of both. It is natural to compare the two books. The Globe edition has the advantage of larger type, which, however, is somewhat impaired by the use of points to mark the *e*'s that are to be sounded, in the verse; these dots are irritating. Apart from that, the Globe page is neat enough; the lines are generally well fitted in their columns, and the headings are lighter than in the somewhat top-heavy Oxford pages, especially in the "Canterbury Tales," where the Oxford edition has given undue emphasis to the A's and B's that mark the "Groups" of the Tales. The Globe edition gives notes at the foot of the page, both critical and explanatory; the principle on which they are given is not always clear, but though

* "The Works of Geoffrey Chaucer." Edited by Alfred W. Pollard, H. Frank Heath, Mark H. Liddell, and W. S. McCormick. 3s. 6d. (London: Macmillan and Co. 1898.)

they are not numerous, it is surprising how many real difficulties they clear away. Mr. Skeat gives no commentary in his "Student's" edition, except some notes on readings at the end of the book, and such explanations as there is room for in his Glossary.

The Globe edition is based on an independent examination of the texts, and it is in this that its merit chiefly lies. Probably the most interesting parts of the work, for critics of the text, will be found to be Mr. McCormick's "Troilus and Criseyde," and Mr. Liddell's "Romaunt of the Rose." In "Troilus and Criseyde" the editor has a plausible theory of the relations of the MSS., and he has been able to bring out some valuable results from a fresh comparison of these with the Italian poem which Chaucer had before him. In the "Romaunt of the Rose" a number of certain emendations have been introduced by means of the French original.

The introductions by the different editors are not all on the same plan, but they are alike in being succinct and full of matter. Mr. Pollard contributes the general Introduction, including a life of Chaucer, much the same as that in his admirable little book, the "Chaucer Primer." Mr. Pollard agrees with Mr. Skeat in thinking that there is nothing to be added to the praise of Chaucer; it is perhaps to be regretted that in his self-restraint and avoidance of rhetoric he has permitted himself too much of that form of Truth which, according to the Philosopher, is a vice. "'The Legende of Good Women' was perforce abandoned because of its deadly and inevitable monotony," says Mr. Pollard. Even if this were correct (which is uncertain) this was not the place to say it, because there are many innocent people who have never discovered the monotony of that "Legend." Monotony, if you please; but why deadly? And why inevitable? The stories, it is true, are all of the same kind, stories of false lovers such as Theseus and Jason ("a twenty devel way the wynde hem dryve!"), but Chaucer could get over the monotony of that. Read his battle of Actium (in the "Legend of Cleopatra, Queen and Martyr"), the great sea-piece, with the ships yard-arm to yard-arm, the great stones crashing down from the tops, the peas scattered on the hatches, the pots full of lime (cf. *Shannon* v. *Chesapeake*):

> "Up goth the trumpe, and for to shoute and shete,
> And paynen hem to sette on with the sonne."

While in less extravagant ways there were many other modes of escape from monotony open to Chaucer—invention of rhythms, incidental touches, as in the wedding of Tereus:

> "The owle al nyght aboute the balkes wond,"

or the pathetic simplicity of the end of Pyramus:

> "And thus ar Tisbe and Piramus ago.
> Of trewe men I finde but fewe mo
> In alle my bokes, save this Piramus."

If Mr. Pollard's work were less excellent there would be no need to raise a debate on this point, but, as it is, it is perplexing to come upon this exaggerated phrase in the middle of so much sound and temperate exposition.

Mr. Liddell's appreciation of the "Romaunt of the Rose" will perhaps be thought by some to err on the other side, but it is attractive criticism, and encouraging to young pilgrims.

The Globe edition is published under good augury; it is certain of a long career. It seems probable that the text will be published in a different size, in a set of volumes; will the editors listen to a humble petition: reconsider those dotted *e*'s, and give us Chaucer unpointed?

W. P. KER.

FRANCE.*

The England we know—or think we know—best is the England of to-day. The foreign nation—the France, the Germany, the Spain, the Italy—of our imagination is a reminiscence of yesterday or of long ago; it is based on our reading, corrected by our last tour or sojourn. But since the authoritative books, the histories and memoirs, deal only with the previous generation, our ideas are always a generation behind hand. Thus my own France is the obsolete France of the War and the Receuillement; the Seventies are a living picture, the Eighties and Nineties a region of doubt and darkness. Newspapers, chronicling, as they must, not the vital facts, but the abnormal aberrations of national life, we cannot trust; we know that Panama scandals and Dreyfus squabbles are not the whole or the main story; but we do not try to correlate our heterogeneous information and fix our floating ideas until the time comes for some writer of authority and experience to publish the retrospect and horoscope of contemporary France.

This Mr. Bodley professes to do, and to a large extent his service is acceptable. Mr. Gallenga, a few years ago, did it for Italy much better and more fully. The New Germany and Modern Russia have both been copiously treated more than once, and most other countries, especially the two newest, China and Japan, can now be fairly understood from books. Perhaps no work of the class has ever equalled the earliest, which was Tocqueville's survey of the American Republic, and to which indeed Mr. Bodley seems to owe most of his inspiration. The illustrious author of "Les Origines de la France Contemporaine" was not spared to sum up the final conclusions of his exhaustive enquiry, and of all nations the France of to-day is the one of which we seem to know least and want to know most. We therefore received with sanguine gratitude these two serious, handsome volumes, the more so as a leading daily paper had praised their "great literary merits," describing the work as "clear in thought, lucid in expression, and admirable in style." Nothing could be more ingeniously or perversely wrong. As a fact it is often confused in thought, obscure in expression, and deplorable in style. And these selected "merits" are, curiously enough, the very defects which brand the book at first sight, tempting us to ignore its other merits and throw it aside; so we must analyse them a little.

The thought is confused. Mr. Bodley has collected a great deal of sound information, and consulted the best authorities, and often when his conclusions seem to be original, they are sensible and definite. Beyond doubt he has taken himself and his work very seriously. But he hardly possesses the clear judgment, the balance or the concentration for such an ambitious task. His "great literary merits" seem to argue a strange want of literary experience, and the sixty pages of Introduction will exhaust the confidence of many readers. He is always insisting on the immensity of his subject and the limits of his space, yet this does not prevent him from perpetually wandering from his subject, and wearying us with alien disquisitions rich in rhetorical platitude—in short, he pads. Mild jokes come easy to him; he has a roving eye for undesigned coincidences—the peculiar delight of mental mediocrity. He indulges in the gaping wonderment of the penny-a-liner at the phenomenon of "the oldest inhabitant." Thus he sagely observes that we regard the Revolution "as belonging to the distant past, yet even our generation is not remote from it," and then devotes a whole cruel page to illustrate this precious platitude by cases, adding copious footnotes to establish the dates. For perverse ingenuity and tortuous rhetoric his illustrations are perhaps unrivalled. Thus: "Four years older than Charlotte Corday was the father of the Duc de la Tremoille, who was born in the reign of Queen Victoria." His last writhe is the oddest: "Mr. Gladstone in his last Ministry had colleagues between whose age and his there was a longer space of years than between the date of his birth and that of St. Just the Conventional, whom Thermidor brought to the scaffold; and the aged statesman left in the House of Commons an older veteran, who was learning to read when the Revolutionary Calendar was still used in France." The footnote proves that Mr. Villiers was then only three years old; the "learning to read" seems to be only a rhetorical ornament. And this is "clear thought," this is "lucid expression"! If Mr. Bodley marvels at these far-fetched illustrations he will be utterly stupefied when we assure him of a marvel far more colossal, yet familiar enough to other people, namely, that *seven* generations can easily exist in one family, and an old lady of ninety-seven fondle her great-great-great-great-grandson. From 1789 to 1889 is an interval of exactly a century—no rigmarole can make it seem a day more or less. If Mr. Gladstone lived to a thousand it would bring Catiline no nearer. A writer who cannot grasp, and presumes that his readers cannot grasp, what a century means without these foolish, irrelevant and misleading illustrations is scarcely competent to grapple with serious problems. This is but one instance of the puerile reflections and conventional platitudes by which the book is marred, but let it suffice.

The expression is obscure. Not always. Often, especially in the second volume, there are long passages which read very well indeed. But, on the other hand, many pages are extremely hard to follow. The logical connection of the sentences is so badly marked, the construction is so pretentiously involved, that one has to read twice or thrice to gather his drift. And gallicisms are not infrequent.

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* "France." By J. E. C. Bodley. In two vols. 21s. (Macmillan and Co.)

Finally, the style is deplorable. Deplorable, not because it is so very bad, but because it could so easily have been better. Which brings us to the probable cause of all his defects, namely, inexperience and his bad models, which seem to be provincial journalism and the exploded rhetorical verbosity of the French political writers of the last generation. I cannot find that he has ever occasion to mention a spade, but if so he would probably veil it as "that humble yet agricultural implement, which is coeval with the dawn of industry, and which has found honourable mention in the glowing lines of a poet of the seventeenth century, of whom one of the most illustrious critics of our age has remarked," etc., etc., etc. Rhetoric is his besetting temptation, and clumsy rhetoric too. He clings religiously to the old dodge—a good old dodge it was in its day—of substituting for the plain name of each writer or public man a long complimentary spade-periphrasis, like the above. And then, lest the identity should be doubtful—and I own that often I have been puzzled—another long sentence is added in which the name is allowed to escape in an ingeniously casual sort of way. Thus a dozen lines of gaudy padding are achieved. It must be admitted that this windy verbosity may have been largely due to Mr. Bodley's long residence in France, and converse with the old school of French writers. It seems that his proofs were read by three illustrious French scholars, all well versed in English. The names almost silence protest, but none are young men; all would be indulgent to the verbosity and pretentiousness in which they themselves were reared. Any competent English critic, however, would have crossed out at least a third of the sentences, and implored the author to rewrite the rest.

We have exploded these "great literary merits" for two reasons. First, because though they are not worse, nor nearly so bad as most popular writing, they are in painful contrast with a task so important and so ambitious. The author insists so much on the seven years of exclusive toil he has devoted to it; he mourns the necessity of compression which forces him to relegate half his subject to a future work; he is so perfectly unconscious of his suicidal practices. The other reason is because the work has merits apart from its literary failure. To begin with Mr. Bodley knows his subject. He has taken great pains. He has travelled France as a follower of Arthur Young. He has read, he has conversed with, the best authorities. His attitude is singularly fair, and usually judicial, and judicious. Strip away, if you can, all the padding and periphrastic nonsense, and you will find a great deal of the very information you most want. His most interesting topics are too political for criticism in these pages. In fact he has treated as yet only four subjects: 1, The French Revolution; 2, The Constitution and Head of the State; 3, The Parliamentary System; and 4, Political Parties. On all we feel indebted to his superior knowledge and closer investigation, and wish sincerely that he had not wantonly discounted our confidence in his judgment. I may add that personally I share most of his views—or, if you like, prejudices—even his profound distrust of doctoring all political constitutions by what Tancred described as "that fatal drollery called representative government."

Y. Y.

PROFESSOR G. A. SMITH'S "THE TWELVE PROPHETS." VOL. II.*

This volume completes "The Expositor's Bible," and brings a great enterprise to a triumphant close. The series has done much to render the Bible intelligible, and to bring its teaching home to the hearts and consciences of English Christians. "The Expositor's Bible" first became famous through Professor G. A. Smith's brilliant exposition of Isaiah i-xxxix., and it fittingly closes with another remarkable work from his pen.

This volume contains "Zephaniah, Nahum, Habakkuk, Obadiah, Haggai, Zechariah i-viii., Malachi, Joel, Zechariah ix-xiv., and Jonah"—the order of the list being the chronological order in which the author places these works.

Professor G. A. Smith furnishes sketches of the successive periods, introductions, exposition, and a new translation. There are footnotes dealing with the interpretation and textual criticism of the Hebrew originals. On some sections these notes almost amount to a complete critical commentary. The work throughout is marked by the author's usual accurate and exhaustive scholarship. Perhaps some of the space given to details of technical scholarship might have been better used for other matters. No reference is made to the LXX alteration of "He shall speak peace unto the nations" into "a multitude and peace from the nations" (Zech. ix. 10), which is quite as relevant and more interesting than many of the details given; and we could have sacrificed many footnotes for a fuller exposition of Zech. xiii. 1-6.

For the exposition is bold and fascinating, and yet sound and rational. Thus he claims the authority of Zechariah for the application of the principles of Scripture rather than bondage to its letter: "Seeing that, though the old forms and figures have perished with the hearts which shaped them, the Word itself in its bare truth has vindicated its life by fulfilment in history, he knows that it lives still, and hurls it upon his people, not in the forms published by this or that prophet of long ago, but in its essence and direct from God Himself, as His word for to-day and now," p. 270. He finds in the Book of Jonah—probably written and published as an allegory—the climax of Old Testament revelation. "The purpose of the parable . . . is to illustrate the mission of prophecy to the Gentiles, God's care for them, and their susceptibility to His word," p. 501. "It lifts the teaching of the Book of Jonah to equal rank with the second part of Isaiah, and nearest of all our Twelve to the New Testament," p. 495. "This is the tragedy of the Book of Jonah, that a book which is made the means of the most sublime revelations of truth in the Old Testament should be known to most only for its connection with a whale," p. 492.

PROFESSOR GEORGE ADAM SMITH, D.D., LL.D.

The translation is striking and suggestive. A new translation—used as a supplement to and not a substitute for the standard translations—is often the best kind of exposition; and our author's renderings constantly bring out shades of meaning other than those emphasised by the Revised Version. Thus for "Beauty and Bands," Zech. xi. 7, we have "Grace and Union" (cf. however R.V. Mg.). In Joel i. 15 we have both "All-violent," p. 406, and "Vehement," p. 413, given for "Shaddai," R.V. "Almighty." And, in Zech. x. 10, for "just and having salvation," we have "vindicated and victorious."

In the treatment of the history the most important section is the full discussion and decided rejection of Koster's theory that: "(1) There was no such attempt as the book [of Ezra] describes to build the Temple before 520; (2) that there was no Return of Exiles at all under Cyrus, and that the Temple was not built by Jews who had come from Babylon but by Jews who had never left Judah."

In discussions of date and authorship Professor G. A.

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* "The Expositor's Bible." Edited by the Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D.; "The Book of the Twelve Prophets," Vol. II. By George Adam Smith, D.D., LL.D. 7s. 6d. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Smith's gift of lucid exposition enables him to present the salient features of the data clearly and forcibly. With a very moderate amount of serious attention any intelligent reader can follow the arguments. We many mention the following conclusions arrived at: in Habakkuk the "wicked" is an oppressor of Israel, either Assyria (Budde), or Egypt (the author's suggestion); i. 5-11 is to be placed after ii. 2-4. Obadiah dates from the sixth century; Malachi from the eve of Ezra's reforms; Joel follows Malachi. "Zechariah" ix.-xiv. belongs to the early years of the Greek Period. The following are later additions to the books in which they now stand: Zephaniah iii. 14-20; Mal. ii. 6-13.

In the preface, Professor G. A. Smith takes the opportunity of stating that, in spite of Canon Driver's defence of the authenticity of Amos ix. 11-15, etc., "on the whole I still feel that the probability is in the other direction."

W. H. BENNETT.

MODERN ENGLISH LITERATURE.*

In the House of Literary History there are many mansions, and though some of them may be more imposing and grandiose, few are so pleasant to dwell in, so well furnished for the needs of civil life, so full of light and colour and perfume and all manner of gracious decoration, as that which we enter under the escort of Mr. Gosse. His "Short History" is a kind of Farnesina among histories of Modern English Literature. Immense knowledge is obvious on every page; but it is so deftly wrought, and with so persistent a sense of artistic values, that it escapes that air of vassalage to the bare fact which the hand-book of literature, particularly when it covers a vast period, so hardly avoids. Mr. Gosse, however, has been his own editor, and his book may be taken to reflect his own idiosyncracies and tastes without the intrusion of any alien ideal. He has been free to tell the story of Modern English Literature in his own way, emphasising the elements that appealed to him, passing lightly by what he cared less for. Thus, notwithstanding the enormous field covered, he has been able to give fairly untrammelled scope to the two kindred gifts which form perhaps his most signal endowment as a literary historian—the æsthetic and the historic appreciation of style. Personal portraiture, biography, characterisation, are necessarily slight; but hardly any writer is dismissed without the passing gift of an epigram or an epithet which stamps his quality with more or less of curious precision or piquant suggestiveness.

Sometimes the delicate organ of the literary gourmet is more perceptible in these dicta; at other times rather the comparative and discriminating instinct of a scholar who is at home in the highways and the byways of three centuries, and alert to trace the echoes and reverberations, the stubborn persistencies and recalcitrances of old taste. This, for instance, taken from a striking criticism on Swift, is excellent in both kinds: "That such a tract as the 'Sentiments of a Church of England Man,' with its gusts of irony, its white heat of preposterous moderation, led on towards Junius, is obvious; but Swift is really the creator of the whole school of eighteenth-century rhetorical diatribe on its better side, whenever it is not leaden and conventional. It may be said that he invented a vital polemical system, which was used throughout the remainder of the century by everyone who dealt in that kind of literature, and who was at the same time strong enough to wield such thunderbolts." Interesting, in a different domain, is the paragraph which traces the connection of the sudden outburst of Elizabethan lyric faculty with the rise of the lute-melodies of Tallis, Bird, and Dowland. "It was necessary to find words for these airs, and the poems so employed were obliged to be lucid, liquid, brief, and of a temper suited to the gaiety and sadness of the instrument. The demand created the supply, and from having been heavy and dissonant to a painful degree, English lyrics suddenly took a perfect art and sweetness. . . . The trick of this light and brilliant sensuous verse once learned, it took forms the most various and the most delightful. In the hands of the best poets it rapidly developed from an extreme naivete and artless jigging to the fullest splendour of song. . . . But the old simplicity remained awhile side by side with this gorgeous and sonorous art, and to the combination we owe the songs of Shakespeare and Campion, the delicate mysteries of 'England's Helicon,' the marvellous short flights of verbal melody that star the music books down to 1615 and even later. But then the flowers of English lyric began to wither, and the jewels took their place; a harder, less lucid, less spontaneous method of song-writing succeeded."

The evolution of the lyric of Elizabeth or James could hardly be presented with more precision or effect in so few words. The last sentence is a specimen of those trenchant, picturesque images which one instinctively shrinks from applying to the subtle distinctions of poetry and art, but which in Mr. Gosse's hands are often, as here, really luminous and informing.

The gist of the book lies, naturally, in the chapters from Elizabeth onwards. In the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries Mr. Gosse is a past master; and his delineation of the changing phases of literary forms shows a technical accomplishment which tempts us at times to wish for a less hasty dismissal of the intellectual matter of literature. If Berkeley's philosophy, for instance, was to be referred to at all, it was hardly needful to deliver him over into the hands of the Philistine by substituting for his *esse est percipi* the formula "that nothing is but only seems to be." When we come to the nineteenth century, however, the method of the book seems to grow larger; a greater compass of intellectual interest is admitted, and Herbert Spencer, notwithstanding exceptions justly enough taken to his style, is favoured with a surprisingly copious exposition of his speculative principles, which are evidently congenial to Mr. Gosse himself. We do not touch upon these apparent discrepancies of method for any other purpose than to suggest that the same many-sided appreciation of life in literature, which is so difficult to avoid when dealing with the literature of our own time, informed and penetrated as it is with reflexions of the thoughts we live by, is equally a part of the task of the historian of the literature of the past. An interesting epilogue throws some light on the emphasis given to Mr. Spencer. In admirably chosen phrases Mr. Gosse does battle with the "individualist" critics who swear to the exclusive merits of a single writer or a single school, and ignore the discovery that the history of literature is the history of "a vast living organism," in which there is room for Pope and Wordsworth, for Boileau and Keats. Do these critics, we cannot help asking, as theorists, exist? And is not the theory of literature for which Mr. Gosse contends as a discovery of Mr. Spencer's, as old as Goethe? Was it not proclaimed seventy years ago by Carlyle? All honour to our veteran thinker, but one dare be known to suspect that more of the philosophy of criticism is to be found in Goethe and Carlyle than in all his score of volumes. Mr. Gosse's book will serve a purpose which none of his predecessors in this field altogether fulfils. In sustained force and freshness of criticism it has no rival on a similar scale but the admirable Primer of Mr. Brooke; and the tone and temper of the two minds are so diverse, and yet so penetrated, in each case, with critical instinct, that the joint study of both books would form no contemptible introduction to whatever is not incommunicable in the art of criticism.

C. H. HERFORD.

MR. WELLS'S "WAR OF THE WORLDS."*

A gun which shoots electricity is the latest invention of an enterprising American, and Mr. John Hartman, the inventor of the automatic carbine socket, which has been used in the United States Army for sixteen years, and who himself served in the Civil War, is the inventor of this new device. It is said that he has discovered conditions by which the rays of a search-light can be charged with electricity, the beam of light thus taking the place of an ordinary wire. The individual coming within the light rays completes the circuit and falls dead. Experiments have been tried on rabbits, and with a current from a lamp of only fifty voltage he succeeded in killing a rabbit at fifty feet. We shall certainly await the details of this remarkable invention with curiosity.

I cut the above from a copy of the *Westminster Gazette* the other day, when engaged in reading Mr. Wells's new story. It set me thinking that if the Martians did not war on the world some human enemy armed with those heat-rays might, and instead of killing rabbits might kill men, until London became the silent, empty city that Mr. Wells's imagination has pictured with so much force.

That is one of the most striking points about Mr. Wells's work, that he always kindles the imagination. The thief who behind every hedge sees a constable is in a better plight than the average reader of "The War of the Worlds," who, in every thunderstorm or convulsion of nature, will, for long years to come, think of those grim and impressive creatures from another world. There is an enormous gulf between Mr. Wells's wild imaginings and the imaginings of the men who are by some described roughly as his predecessors. The travels of Baron Munchausen and the adventures which we owe to Jules Verne are on an entirely separate plane. With these writers we are simply in fairyland; it is no disparagement that our delight in their adventure stories does not in the least disturb our sense of the fitness of things in our daily humdrum life. But Mr. Wells has set our minds agog; I do not say he has done it with that perfection of sanity which so great a subject might have called forth. A war of the worlds, if it really came, would bring us face to face with noble aspects of heroism, with infinite depths of terror, with a mingling of exquisite pathos, and—in spite of the horrors afforded—of grim humour, of a kind which do not come into the ken of Mr. Wells. I do not even deny that in "The War of the Worlds" there are certain small numbers of pages over which many readers may be excused for yawning, whereas to thoroughly convince us of so dire a catastrophe of nature as is here presented an inferior writer, equipped with some of Mr. Wells's material, would have prevented our interest from waning for a moment.

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* "Modern English Literature." By Edmund Gosse. 6s. (Heinemann.)

* "The War of the Worlds." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Heinemann.)

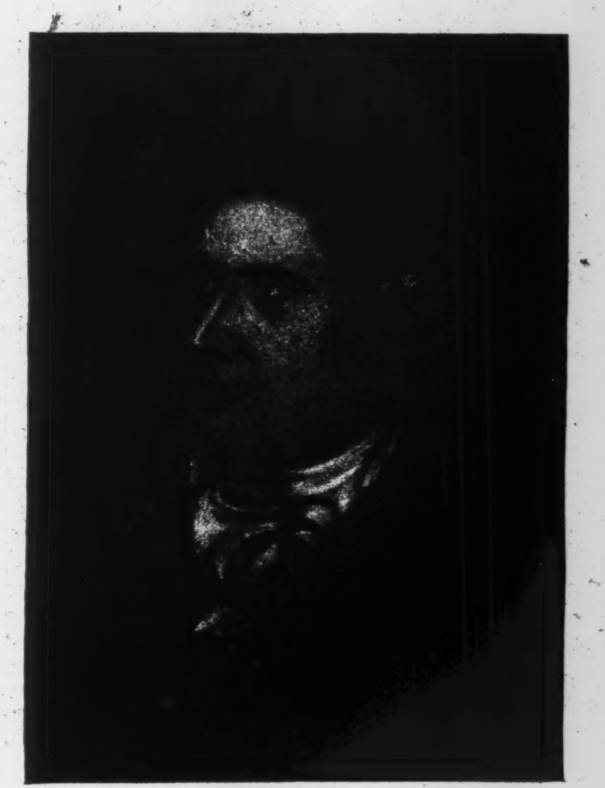
Personally, I confess to being frankly sorry that here as in other of Mr. Wells's books he is so little of an optimist. It has been a dream of good men for countless ages that swords shall be beaten into ploughshares and spears into pruning-hooks, and although Tennyson in our own day has talked of "the canker of peace" and told us roundly that the wars of armies are not more deadly than the wars of capitalists, he also has filled two or three generations with an aspiration for the time "when the war-drum throbs no longer." And yet Mr. Wells, the first novelist to turn to account for purposes of fiction the great revival of science—the New Learning—which we owe to Darwin and Lyell, to Huxley and Tyndall, unlike his masters, who were all optimists, has painted, and continued to paint, developments where life is more full of pitfalls than in our own time, and where great convulsions of nature find us morally not one whit better prepared than the eruption of Vesuvius found the people of Pompeii nearly two thousand years ago. None the less do I count the work of Mr. Wells as one of the most distinctly individual achievements of our time, on a lower literary plane, it may be, but as distinctly an individual achievement as the work of Swift in the eighteenth century, with which it has much in common.

I note in passing as an interesting fact, that Mr. Wells, among the many interpolations that he has made since his book appeared in the pages of a popular magazine, has expressed his distaste for the impossible illustrations with which the magazine serial was adorned. "I recall particularly," he says, "the illustration of one of the first pamphlets to give a consecutive account of the war. The artist had evidently made a hasty study of one of the fighting machines, and there his knowledge ended. He presented them as tilted, stiff tripods, without either flexibility or subtlety, and with an altogether misleading monotony of effect. The pamphlet containing these renderings had a considerable vogue, and I mention them here simply to warn the reader against the impression they may have created. They were no more like the machines I saw in action than a Dutch doll is like a human being. To my mind, the pamphlet would have been much better without them." In wishing for the absence of the illustrations, Mr. Wells only expresses the feeling of most readers concerning the illustrations to stories by their favourite authors. Who is there, since Fred Barnard illustrated Dickens's novels, and Mr. Tenniel "Alice in Wonderland," that has entirely satisfied us in the illustration of our most approved authors? But all this is to digress from my main point, which is to reiterate the conviction that among the younger writers of the day Mr. Wells is the most distinctly original, and the least indebted to predecessors. The "War of the Worlds" is a very strong and a very powerful book. CLEMENT SHORTER.

ROBERT FERGUSSON.*

The long-looked-for "Robert Fergusson," by Dr. A. B. Grosart, has been added to the "Famous Scots Series" Like its predecessors, the Fergusson is printed in easily read type, bound in scarlet buckram, and otherwise set out in prim up-to-date style. Fergusson makes the sixteenth issue of the F.S.S., which from the start became popular among Scottish readers, at home and abroad.

Dr. Grosart has done his work with persistent industry, and it is not too much to say that present and future students of his hero (for we have not yet heard the last of the first of "The Three Robins [Fergusson, Burns, and Stevenson] who have touched the Scots lyre this last century," or any one of them for that matter) are under lasting obligation for the facts which he has brought to light, relating to the poet, his family and his friends. Dr. Grosart's first, or (to borrow his own description) "Youthful Life and Works of Fergusson," was published in 1851. Since then he has tapped with advantage sources of information (not available for the earlier work), increasing thereby the obligations due to him by lovers of Scottish verse. His style, if more mature, can hardly be said to have mellowed with his years. Never wanting in specific utterance his method is pert, jerky, and not infrequently overstrained. He nags rather than strikes his opponents; his style (even when dovetailing quotations from the poets) is devoid of music; and but for a sprinkling of Henleyisms the lingo of the 1898 Fergusson would not have been distinguishable from that of 1851. But to the matter of the book.



R Fergusson

Reproduced by permission from a Photogravure of the painting by Alexander Runciman in the National Portrait Gallery, Edinburgh.

Fergusson, says Dr. Grosart, is transfigured for all time by the homage of Burns, Wordsworth, Carlyle, and Stevenson. But the hall-mark of these authorities does not fix Fergusson's place among writers of the Doric; nor does Dr. Grosart attempt the task of setting Fergusson into his proper niche in the temple of fame—a problem which still cries to the poet-critic, "Come and solve me." He touches the fringe of the subject when he says that up to the age of twenty-four Fergusson holds his own and more than holds his own, with the literary output of Burns, for the corresponding period of his life. Nor does he answer Skipsey's questions—(1) as to how much higher the reputation of Robin the first would have stood if Robin the second had not embodied much that is best in the "Farmer's Ingle," in the "Cottar's Saturday Night"; and (2) how much Robin the Second would have suffered in the popular estimation if he had not vitalised what after all is the most popular of all his poems,—the "Cottar's Saturday Night"—with sperm from the "Farmer's Ingle."

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* "Robert Fergusson." By A. B. Grosart. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (Oliphant, Anderson, and Ferrier.)

Dr. Grosart puts Burns under the microscope and shows his indebtedness to Fergusson; but till Fergusson himself has been submitted to the same test the question of the comparative originality of their themes or styles cannot be adjudicated upon. Burns himself made ample acknowledgement of his indebtedness to Fergusson and others. Against Fergusson (who passed to the Silences before he had occasion to speak of the sources of his inspiration) we make no accusation when we say that he has told us nothing as to any one of his literary progenitors.

Dr. Grosart is hard pressed when he has recourse to the 1815 Philadelphia glossary to Fergusson's poems, and to Cuthbertson's Concordance of Burns, which was superseded by Reid's in 1889, to further increase Burns's indebtedness to Fergusson. In attributing Burns's knowledge of other than Ayrshire words to Fergusson he seems to overlook the fact that Burns himself lived in Edinburgh, and that his father not only lived in Edinburgh but that (like the father and mother of Fergusson) he came from the North. 'Tis to their location in these parts of the country, together with the location of Fergusson himself in Dundee and St. Andrews, that we in great measure owe the rich vocabulary common to both poets.

Dr. Grosart overshoots the mark when he says that "Fergusson's godly upbringing, and his father and mother's living up to the saintliest ideal, joined to his own thoroughness and veracity, demanded his pausing and ultimate surcease of all thought of becoming the Rev. Robert Fergusson, M.A." And in the same spirit we are told that the Moderates in the kirk were more immoderate than the Evangelicals in the matter of drinking; and the "free-living, fast-living, broad-spoken stipend-lifters" of the time were on too low a platform to attract one of the "godly upbringing" of the young poet. If Fergusson had had the moral aversion to the society that congregated like moths round the liquid fires of Luckie Middlemist and Johnny Dowie that Dr. Grosart says he had towards the port-wine and whiskey drinking parsons, he might have lived to a green old age. But, however this may be, we agree with Dr. Grosart, who, quoting from T. G. Brown, says, if Fergusson had lived, the probability is that he would have changed from bad, if he was bad, to good, and proceeded to better, to best, and ultimately to joy and splendour.

That a complete and up-to-date bibliography of Fergusson is wanted there can be no doubt, but I am rather pleased than otherwise that Dr. Grosart, who writes loosely in these matters, had no space for such. Anyhow, I join issue with him when he says that "there were a few larger paper copies struck off" of the 1773 edition of Fergusson's poems. He does not reveal his authority for this statement, which, if correct, is of the first importance to collectors; but he says that he himself had "one of them, and it ranged exactly with his set of the 1786 Burns, Sillar and Lapraik, Little and Turnbull." As issued, these books, which (with the single exception of the Burns) are misdated by Dr. Grosart, measure nine inches high; the Fergusson, as known to collectors, and as inscribed by the poet himself to friends, measures seven and a half inches only. Had there been large paper copies, some of the recipients would surely have been worthy of the best the poet had to bestow. In reference to the inscribed copies, two mistakes require correction. The Earl of Glencairn's copy, which is now before me, is uncut and bears his ex-libris, but it carries no inscription, as Dr. Grosart says it does; nor does he correctly quote the inscription on the copy to James Boswell of Auchinleck, which is in the library of Mr. William Weir, of Kildonan. Dr. Grosart says he "should gladly lay down a gold sovereign to know who wrote the sentence, 'Mr. Fergusson is a true poet.'" The writer will gladly give the information and forego the gold if Dr. Grosart will produce his nine-inch (1773) Fergusson.

Students of the poet, while grateful for the good work Dr. Grosart has done for "Heaven-taught Fergusson!" desiderate a proper estimate of his genius, work, and relative position in the literature of his country; and, let me add, an authentic portrait of the man, if such be procurable, and a properly annotated and (shall I say?) Constable-printed edition of his immortal poems.

W. CRAIBE ANGUS.

MR. HENLEY'S POEMS.*

In this volume we have Mr. Henley's poems as Mr. Henley wishes us to read them. He has revised a little, cast out a few, reprinted two or three from scattered journals. It is timely, then, to consider what his verse is worth to us. Time will rank it in the great lists, or blot it. Time cannot rank it for us; our gratitude is overdue for the kindling of his robust, romantic, most friendly muse. His robustness is not very accurately suggested by the "Song of the Sword" and its brothers, poems sincerely inspired, I do not doubt, but more artificial than the others in utterance, manifest rather in the stalwart value he puts on life and his proud resignation before the evil day.

The ways of fame are inscrutable, and Mr. Henley has not come to his kingdom. But, at least, his friends are triumphantly out of proportion to his mere admirers, and it should not be difficult to snatch from the indifferent such as will join the warmer band. He has written little to alarm or to perplex. Of those strong living etchings, the pictures of life in hospital, the case of two or three may be poetically disputable. But there is no sense in either claiming or branding Mr. Henley as a pioneer. He is a revivifier of the poetical stuff alike accepted by artist and bourgeois, a romantic poet, concerned most with the joy of life "common and divine," a poet of the North, haunted by the mystery of the deep waters lapping the human margin, a man of exuberant sentiment. In his erring moments he is even sentimental, and his emotional use of the Almighty's name for emphasis is a strange feminine weakness; one recalls how the charming lines, "O Time and Change," are marred by the unforgiveable Ingelowism 'God s own chosen weather." Poetry is with him much more a matter of the heart than of the head. It is for men of to-day he writes, but "modernity" has not affected the fibres of him, passages in "London Voluntaries" and "In Hospital" notwithstanding. When he is reminiscent to us of other poets, it is now of some moments of Heine sans acidity, now of Arnold with the chill off, one might dare to say of Whitman, were Whitman conceivable as a lyricist of style. Of the new world are these, but singers of the universal, who would outrage the conventions of any literary coterie. Of all the poets of to day worth considering he is the least exotic. Life is justified to him of its fulness and its strong colour, and this is as much a banishment of the morbid as of the prudish.

In the light of these obvious commonplaces about Mr. Henley's verse, it is puzzling that so many of his contemporaries have still to discover even his noble hymn of the conquering sufferer:

"I am the master of my fate;
I am the captain of my soul,"

even his *reveil* to all romance, "Over the hills and far away," and his rich reflection of the glorious East, the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments." Everywhere human, the light and shade of his fine landscapes are reflections from an inner vision:

"The wistful stars
Shine like good memories. The young morning wind
Blows full of unforgotten hours
As over a region of roses. Life and Death
Sound on—sound on. . . . And the night magical,
Troubled yet comforting, thrills
As if the Enchanted Castle at the heart
Of the wood's dark wonderment
Swung wide his valves, and filled the dim sea-banks
With exquisite visitants."

There can be no general reproach hurled at him for his human reading of Nature. His matter is for all of us, because chiefly it is of the lust of active living and loving. "Life—give me life until the end" is his constant theme, and the complement is the glad acceptance of Death the Friend. There is no touch of the charnel-house in Mr. Henley's mind:

"So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day done,
My wages taken, and in my heart
Some late lark singing;
Let me be gathered to the quiet west,
The sundown splendid and serene,
Death."

A. M.

THE LEGEND OF SIR GAWAIN.*

To those readers of romance who are so definitely English that they look on Irish as a patois and Welsh as a "quaint dialect," Miss Weston's interesting contribution to the *Grimm Library* may seem but a poor sequel to Malory and Tennyson. In these studies Miss Weston pursues her complex hero far, of course, beyond any English limits. Through all his migrations and change of colours, some traits have been his throughout, and Miss Weston, making her inquiry with every fairness and lack of prejudice, and with a most sinuous following up of his faintest footsteps, pursues him at last into that richest of all ancient Celtic lands of legend, the country of Cuchullin and Diarmid.

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* "Poems." By William Ernest Henley. 6s (Nutt.)

* "The Legend of Sir Gawain: Studies upon its Original Scope and Significance." By Jessie L. Weston. (David Nutt.)

Yes, Sir Gawain is an Irishman. That is, in brief, the practical conclusion that Miss Weston brings us to. Not that she claims to prove it beyond a point. Her studies, in the main, are suggestive rather than completive. They leave one with an agreeable sense of both the subtleties and the uncertainties of folk-lore. Indeed, this particular folk-lorist is so eminently candid that she supplies even those who may be inclined to differ from her with occasional arguments, as in her account of Gawain's rescue of Guinevere in chapter viii. There is no need for a casual critic on the look out for other entertainment than that of folk-lore, however, to risk a fall at such points. Argument apart, rich and ample entertainment is provided in her pages for all who have felt the charm of the literature of chivalry, and cared to get behind it, to the older heroic background of Gaelic and British tradition. Her illustrations, whether from the Arthurian cycle, or outside, or before or after it, are often well and piquantly chosen; as in her chapter on Gawain's sons or son, for it seems there is after all perhaps only one. The common idea of his frequent and very free love-adventures, she assigns in an interesting passage to the fact that Gawain's voyage, after the fashion of Bran's, to a magic isle (Isle of Maidens) was so essential to the legend concerning him. Hence his name, not explained in the mediæval romance, of the "Maidens' Knight." Then and gradually, "as Christian ideas gained ascendancy, this Celtic otherworld would come to be looked upon somewhat in the light of a Mohammedan paradise, and the character of Gawain, as dweller in it, suffered proportionately."

Miss Weston, though she does not go so far as Professor Rhys in rehabilitating Sir Gawain, shows clearly enough, as one is glad to find, that the type deteriorated from even the popular tradition in the hands of Tennyson, who makes Gawain about as admirable as a Unionist novelist might make an Irish politician. Malory no doubt was originally responsible for this lowering of the type. He had not quite made his mind up how to treat Sir Gawain, in fact; but in his earlier books he certainly does not paint him in heroic colours. We find a very different figure in Chrétien's romance of the Grail, and just as different and just as pleasing is the fourteenth century alliterative romance-poem which Mr. Gollancz assigns to the Welsh-Border poet who wrote "Pearl"—"Sir Gawayne and the Green Knight." Miss Weston hardly does literary justice to this delightful old poem when she calls it merely "wild and fantastic." She gives one, however, a terse epitome of the story it tells, and cites many curious parallels to the famous beheading episode. In this, and elsewhere, her studies have the great merit of leaving one with a sharpened interest in her strange hero, whose elusiveness may be best hinted in the haunting verse she inscribes on her threshold:

> "Sir Gawayne hath sought the isles of light
> Beyond the shores of day,
> Where morn never waneth to shades of night,
> And the silver fountains play;
> There he holdeth high court as the Maidens' Knight,
> In the Maidens' Isle for aye."

ERNEST RHYS.

THE FRIEND OF BURNS.*

It is by no means certain that George Thomson, the collector of Scottish songs, ever exchanged words with Robert Burns, whose "friend" he took such pleasure in considering himself. But Carlyle once spoke to Thomson and "took a good look of him" in Annan, and has left on record a description of him as a "clean-brushed, commonplace old gentleman in scratch wig." Somehow it is this same "clean-brushed, commonplace old gentleman" that seems to stare one in the face in every second page of this volume, consisting mainly of selections from correspondence, which—although these selections are judiciously made—may unfortunately be pronounced to be too long, and in parts dull, by all except Scotchmen who are profoundly interested in their national song, and the not always national music which has been allied to it. As a matter of fact, Mr. Hadden is almost too painfully conscious that the subject of his biography is the reverse of a heroic character, that his only passion—if passion it can be called—was for "the normal," and that he was quite incapable of measuring the capacity of the poets and musicians with whom he got into correspondence. No doubt, the criticisms Thomson passed on the work of the men who sent him songs "are mainly of a niggling sort, many of them being wholly without justification, and springing either from a defective ear, a deficient imagination, or an exaggerated sense of propriety." Perhaps, too, "it was the acme of absurdity to go to Continental composers (like Haydn, Beethoven, and Weber) for accompaniments to Scottish airs." And yet on this there may be a difference of opinion. If Thomson believed that the true "soul of music" was in the airs he had obtained, why should he not seek to have that soul evoked by the best available musicians Continental or other? As a matter of fact, it was a Continental musician, Felix Mendelssohn, who was destined to do justice to one of Burns's most pathetic airs, "Oh, wert thou in the cauld blast!" But, in any case, Thomson was a little more than a "commonplace" gentleman, who managed to live more or less comfortably from 1757 to 1851, and who made the most of the clerkship to the Trustees of the Scottish Board of Trade and Manufactures to which he was appointed when only a lad of seventeen in Edinburgh. It ought, further, to be considered as greatly to his credit that he cultivated the Muses in his own peculiar fashion on a very little oatmeal—on, in fact, a salary of £100. And if his criticisms of poets were a trifle "niggling," and his demands on musicians were a trifle exacting, he never "presumed" on his acquaintanceship with them. If he erred, it was on the side of too great complaisance; as even Mr. Hadden allows there was a spice of "adulation" in the language he employed towards Byron.

Mr. Hadden puts emphasis on the fact that George Thomson was "the friend of Burns." He does not indicate at any length, however, how this "friendship" was sustained, for he has not been able to find room for the correspondence which passed between the collector and the poet. One point, however, he labours in connection with this "friendship," and with considerable success. He makes it clear that Thomson, who paid Burns ten pounds in all during the course of their acquaintanceship, was only in receipt of a salary of £100 when Burns made his pathetic death-bed appeal for the second five pounds. Clearly, therefore, Christopher North was not quite just in his onslaught upon the poor clerk who found his pleasure in being what he described himself in a letter to Beethoven as an "amateur" in music. But Thomson did one thing in this connection which is not altogether to his credit, and of which Mr. Hadden seems to be unaware. "A cruel scoundrel of a Haberdasher to whom I owe an account," wrote Burns on his death-bed, "taking it into his head that I am dying, has commenced a process and will infallibly put me in jail." Mr. Hadden does not appear to know—or if he knows he ignores—the fact that Thomson adds to the letter (as it is now in the Dalhousie collection) these words: "This idea is exaggerated; he would not have been in any such danger at Dumfries, nor could he be in such necessity, to implore aid from Edinburgh." There is a want of generosity, there is even a touch of shabbiness, in Thomson's cold-blooded assertion that Burns was not in such a state of necessity as to require to "implore aid from Edinburgh." It gives an appearance at least of insincerity to the letter he wrote in answer to Burns's appeal and to his statement, "Again and again I thought of a pecuniary offer, but the recollection of one of your letters on this subject and the fear of offending your independent spirit checked my resolution. I thank you heartily, therefore, for the frankness of your letter of the 12th, and with great pleasure enclose a draft for the very sum I proposed sending."

There is very little in the letters which Thomson received—and which Mr. Hadden prints—from Scott, Byron, Moore, and others of his leading poetical contemporaries. They either sent him no songs, or what they sent, as in the case of Scott, was of no real literary value. Scott shows himself, as usual, a good hand at making a bargain for himself. We get pleasanter glimpses of minor poets, such as James Hogg, with his remarkably "gude conceit o' himsel'," the breezily Orcadian David Vedder,

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* "George Thomson, the Friend of Burns. His Life and Correspondence." By J. Cuthbert Hadden. 10s 6d. (John C. Nimmo.)

Sir Alexander Boswell, who perished in his pride and his prime, and Joanna Baillie. The letters from the "musical Apollos" whom Thomson invited to his aid are of genuine, if secondary, value as revelations of "character." Beethoven was a young man struggling to make his way in spite of "hard times" in Germany. But he insisted on having not only what he regarded as a "living wage" from Thomson, but upon being paid at the same rate as Haydn, who was professionally and in every way his senior. Next to Thomson, Beethoven is *the* character in a book which will be found of considerable value by all who take an interest in the history of Scottish song and music.

WILLIAM WALLACE.

A NEW TRANSLATION OF DANTE'S "INFERNO."*

The translation of a classic, more especially of a verse-classic, is admirable as an exercise for the moment, but the result is seldom a possession for ever. Indeed, the publication of such a piece of work can only be justified on one of two grounds; either that it is an aid to the student, or that, as a substantive literary production, it stands some chance of giving pleasure on its own merits. We fear that Mr. Lee-Hamilton's translation of the "Inferno" into a kind of blank verse can hardly plead either of these claims to existence. The translator does not profess to have devoted any very profound or original research to the poem. His brief notes are transcribed from obvious sources, without apparently much discrimination, so that where a blunder exists it is transferred intact. Thus to xx. 65, where readings vary between *Pennino* and *Apennino*, while the former is rightly preferred, it is explained as "the name of a single mountain near the Lake of Garda." A veteran may now and then make a mistake which a recruit ought to detect; and this is one of them. A little attention to the text would have shown that this interpretation, though suggested, we believe, by a celebrated Dante scholar, will not hold water: for a single mountain, even were it many-fountained Ida, would hardly be described as "bathed by a thousand springs and more."

Sometimes Mr. Lee-Hamilton, through heedlessness, throws in a little blunder of his own, as in xv. 29, where the readings vary between, not *faccia* and *mano*, but *mia* and *mano*. Here, again, as a little consideration would have shown, though *mia* is no doubt read by some good authorities, it is not easy to see how Dante could have brought his face down to that of Brunetto, who was moving, as he himself presently remarks, "at his skirts," *i.e.*, on a much lower level. Two cantos further on, xvii. 95, Dr. Moore has shown that *ad altro forse* is undoubtedly the right reading. *Ad alto, forte*, which Mr. Lee-Hamilton prefers, will not construe. At least, we should much like to be shown a passage where "ad alto" means "above."

Mistakes like these are, however, corrigible, and need not vitiate the translation as a whole, if it were generally pleasing. This, we fear, can hardly be said. Mr. Lee-Hamilton, while abandoning the triple rhyme, seems to think that the "feminine" ending, which is practically indispensable in Italian verse, is in some special way essential to the effect of the rhythm of the poem, and that this can be retained in English by the adoption of similar endings. The result, as might be expected, is not satisfactory. English happens to be singularly intolerant of "feminine" verse-endings; which, indeed, can be obtained with any regularity only by the use of awkward archaisms, weak participial constructions, or the insertion of meaningless monosyllables like "there" and "here." Within thirty lines, at the end of Canto vii., we have—

"We cut the circle to the other shore there."
"Saw miry people in that same morass there."
"Now we are pining in the blackish ooze here."
"Keeping our eyes on those that swallow mud there."

Not straying beyond the same limits, we get such elegancies of rhythm and diction as—

"The water was much darker than a perse tint."
"These struck each other with their hands not merely."
"The souls of those that wrath once got the best of."

The constant repetition of the "feminine" ending seems, too, to produce a pedestrian effect, which in its turn reacts on the language. Had Mr. Lee-Hamilton, like the abler of his predecessors, chosen to write in the true blank verse, which is indeed the only English measure capable of adequately conveying the sense of high seriousness which is the characteristic of the *Commedia*, and which no amount of mediæval grotesquery can impair, he would, we think, never have strayed into frivolities, not to say vulgarisms, like

"Then said my leader: 'Charon, don't get angry'";

or,

"A lot of moats are girt about the castles";

or,

"Much desiring,
The fellow might escape, to have a shindy."

The best thing we can say for Mr. Lee-Hamilton is that he seems to be generally correct in his renderings, so far as verbal accuracy goes. But he evidently has a good deal to acquire both of learning and of taste before he can be accepted as a worthy member of the brotherhood of Dante translators.

A. J. BUTLER.

THE DRUM AND THE LUTE.*

In this uncommonly good book of verse it is ordained you must listen first to the strains of an excellent fife and drum band ere the flutes and the viols begin. In the interval you had better take long pause, that your ears may recover from the assault made on them by the energetic patriotism of the earlier poems. These cannot fail to be popular. They hit the humour of the day to a nicety, and express it with a most enjoyable lustiness. Triumph, congratulation, warning, and reproach are all in the temper of the hour; the very general present desire to hit out at somebody, if but for the exercise of cramped limbs, is uttered only a little more candidly than by the common man:

"Oh, if the gods would send us a balm for our sick, sad years,
Let them send us a sight of the scarlet, and the sound of the guns in our ears!
For valour and faith and honour—these grow where the red flower grows,
And the leaves for the Nation's healing must spring from the blood of her foes."

This may be questionable in Reason and in Fact. But the sound of it would give a fillip to the dullest dog. Nor—so infectious is her energy—do we pause for a single shocked moment before the terrible libel on one of our legitimate glories in such lines as these—

"Small skill have we to fight with the pen
Who fought with the sword of old,
For the sword that is wielded by Englishmen
Is as much as one hand can hold.
Yet the pen and the tongue are safe to use,
And the cowards and the wise choose these;
But fools and brave were our English crews
When Nelson swept the seas."

There is nothing so uniting to all shades of patriotism as good jingle.

This Kipling-cum-Jubilee selection is an excellent performance, but it is sure to receive attention enough. And, of course, there is nothing very individual about these "Songs of Empire." The others, the love-lyrics, can wait their time for recognition. Their delicate life has strong roots. But for poetry-lovers one would like to pick a posy even now of the flowers that grow by the side of this crowded, staring, uncompromising military road. Mrs. Bland, in her peaceable moods, is one of our sweetest singers. When, in this volume, you put a dozen songs aside as merely pretty, a residue still remains so exquisite and sincere, that you give their writer no grudging place in your own secret anthology. "A Portrait" has painted once for all the fragile grace of a girl:

"Like the sway of the silver birch in the breeze of dawn
Is her dainty way;
Like the gray of a twilight sky or a starlit lawn
Are her eyes of gray;
Like the clouds in their moving white
Is her breast's soft stir;
And white as the moon and bright
Is the soul of her."

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* "The Inferno of Dante." Translated by Eugene Lee-Hamilton. 5s. (Grant Richards.)

"Songs of Love and Empire." By E. Nesbit. 5s. net. (A. Constable.)

And who would not give all the fife and drum marches for one line of "By Faith with Thanksgiving"?

"Love is the god who lights the star,
Makes music of the lark's desire,
Love tells the rose what perfumes are,
And lights and feeds the deathless fire.

Love is no joy that dies apace
With the delight of dear embrace—
Love is no feast of wine and bread,
Red-vintaged and gold-harvested:
Love is the god whose touch divine
On hands that clung and lips that kissed,
Has turned life's common bread and wine
Into the Holy Eucharist."

A. M.

MARCUS AURELIUS ANTONINUS.*

No Attic masterpiece is surer of immortality, nor has elicited heartier admiration and affection, than the rugged jottings of the second century Roman. Of all the magnificence and might of the Empire this little book remains, perhaps, the most abiding influence it produced. Handling in a manly, original, and reverent manner the perennial problems which each individual has for himself to face, the imperial Stoic stands a monumental figure, and survives in his book as a living force. Principal Rendall happily describes the "Meditations" as "a 'De Imitatione' such as might have been penned amid the isolations of Khartoum." He has furnished English readers with this new translation, because among those previously made "none, in point of scholarship, reaches the level of modern requirement"; and it has been his aim "to make his English natural, clear, and readable; and, subject always to this demand, to reproduce, as far as may be, the manner, tone, and accent of the original." He has succeeded in giving us not only the best translation in existence, but a translation so nearly perfect that it will not be worth the while of any other scholar to endeavour to surpass it. One or two renderings seem due to Principal Rendall's adoption of conjectural readings, as, on p. 38, the insertion of "in the gods' eyes," and on p. 44, where "Dentatus" is read for "Leonnatus"; and in one or two places the sense of the original is not conveyed to the English reader, as in the words, "The world is a process of variation; life a process of views." One needs to turn up the Greek to perceive that by the latter clause Marcus Aurelius means what Hamlet means when he says, "There is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it so." About half the volume is devoted to an excellent account of Stoicism, its origin, history, and tenets, and a sketch of Marcus Aurelius. The book is beautifully produced, the lettering on the front board being a real triumph of art.

MARCUS DODS.

D'ANNUNZIO IN ENGLISH.†

We must utter a strong protest against the garbled, the inexcusably edited and expurgated form in which the work of the Italian novelist is here presented to English readers. "The Triumph of Death" is admitted by all students of contemporary foreign literature to be a human document of international interest. If it were translated literally we doubt if it could be called an immoral book, for its seeming surface immorality is, in reality, severely, though very likely unintentionally, moral. In this English version—we cannot call it translation—long passages having a very important bearing on the narrative have been entirely omitted, and the whole book has been submitted to a most drastic process of toning down. There may be some slight excuse for the omissions, though, however expurgated it may be, d'Annunzio's novel can never be *virginibus puerisque*, but in its present emasculated form the book becomes merely nastily suggestive, meaningless, and above all unconvincing.

D'Annunzio writes the inner history of a sensual man, and among such histories his book must occupy a very high place for it is overwhelming in its completeness and relentless in its accuracy. He cannot give the sum total of the man's utter sensuality in a few lines, he must picture its fearful, overpowering growth, its honeyed intoxication, show how, little by little, it saps the very life blood, and leads at last irrevocably, irresistibly, inevitably to death. Tolstoi once wrote this same history, but "The Triumph of Death" is far more convincing and conclusive than "The Kreutzer Sonata." Is it then less moral?

Apart from its moral significance, "The Triumph of Death" is a dull book. It is a tract rather than a novel. There is no plot, no action, no story, and the two central characters, the sensual man, the more sensual woman, are types, incarnations of a general idea, devoid of personal human interest. The English translation reads well enough, but it gives no idea of the beauty or the power of the original. That is hardly the translator's fault, for the charm of d'Annunzio's impassioned Southern style is a charm peculiarly Italian and impossible to reproduce in the cold language of the North. D'Annunzio wrote "Il Trionfo della Morte;" he did not write, he could never have written, "The Triumph of Death."

From Photo by] *[Guigoni & Bossi, Milan.*
GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO.

KOREA AND HER NEIGHBOURS.*

These two handsome volumes possess the merits to be found in Mrs. Bishop's previous writings—picturesqueness of description, accuracy of observation, and that ability to see both sides of a question which inspires confidence in her judgment. She had peculiar opportunities for studying her subject, for she was a *persona grata* at the Korean Court, and was friendly with both the British and Russian representatives in Seoul, while her travels brought her into contact with all classes of Koreans, both in their native country and in Russian Manchuria. She was in Korea when the war broke out between China and Japan; she witnessed the first bouts of the diplomatic duel between Japan and Russia which is still proceeding; and she was just in time to get a glimpse of the ancient and immemorial aspect of the Hermit Nation ere Western interference metamorphosed it. Travellers hereafter will seek in vain for Seoul as Mrs. Bishop saw it—a capital city containing a quarter of a million souls which could boast that tigers and leopards were sometimes shot within its crowded walls; a town containing neither temple nor tomb nor priest, and where women were never seen in the streets except at night between the hours of eight and twelve, when none but blind men were allowed to be out of doors! All this is now in process of transformation; already the bicyclist "scorches" along the broad streets, and the newsboy, with bundles of paper under his arm, shouts out the latest news. Mrs. Bishop's travels were well timed, too, in relation to political events. The nationalities concerned in the interesting drama now being played in the Far East file before us in her pages. We see the Chinese, who learn nothing that is new and forget nothing that is old: Mrs. Bishop passed twenty of their carts loaded with bows and arrows for the defence of Pekin, and describes soldiers marching to war equipped with umbrellas and fans! We see Korea rudely shaken out of her lazy apathy by unwelcome contact with Western civilisation, "resembling nothing so much as a man awakened from profound sleep, rubbing his eyes half-dazed, and looking dreamily about him, not quite sure where he is." We understand the secret of Russia's diplomatic triumphs as we see her preparing to reap in Korea, as elsewhere, the fruit of her strength, patience, and wily opportunism, without firing a gun or striking a blow. Mrs. Bishop does ample justice to Russia's success in governing semi-barbarous nations, but she suspects her of deliberately allowing Korean corruption to go on unchecked that hereafter she may have excuse for interference. Her policy, she says, compares unfavourably with that pursued during Japanese ascendancy, "which on the whole was in the direction of progress and righteousness." Indeed, the respect felt for the wonderful "dwarfs," as they are called in the East, will be strongly confirmed by Mrs. Bishop's book. We speak of Japan as awakened "from the sleep of centuries," but hers was the sleep which precedes, in some inferior forms of life, development into a higher mode of existence, with enhanced vitality and added capacities. As to England, if we may trust this competent observer, she is of little account in Korean politics. "The effacement of British political influence has been effected chiefly by a policy of *laissez-faire*, which has produced on the Korean mind the double impression of indifference and feebleness, to which the dubious and hazy relationship naturally contributes." Clearly no intelligent observer of what is now passing in the Far East can afford to neglect Mrs. Bishop's "Korea and her Neighbours."

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* "Marcus Aurelius Antoninus To Himself." An English Translation, with Introductory Study on Stoicism and the Last of the Stoics. By Gerald H. Rendall, M.A., Litt.D., Principal and Professor of Greek, University College, Liverpool. 6s. (Macmillan and Co.)

† "The Triumph of Death." Translated from the Italian of Gabriele d'Annunzio by Georgina Harding. 6s. (William Heinemann.)

* "Korea and her Neighbours." By Mrs. Bishop (Isabella L. Bird). 2 vols. 24s. (John Murray.)

RELIGION AND CONSCIENCE IN ANCIENT EGYPT.*

Professor Wm. Flinders Petrie has done a good work in publishing the series of lectures on "Religion and Conscience in Ancient Egypt" delivered by him at University College, London. The founding of the Chair of Egyptology at this College by the late Miss Amelia B. Edwardes, the work of the Egypt Exploration Fund, and the numerous important discoveries made in Egypt by the Professor himself, have together aroused the interest of numerous students throughout the country, very few of whom can attend lectures, but who will read with pleasure this small, well-printed, and inexpensive volume. The style is clear, concise, and comprehensive, and the attention of the reader is at once arrested and is retained throughout.

Religion forms the subject of the first four lectures, the first and second being illustrated by passages from "Egyptian Tales Translated from the Papyri," in which the habits of life, thought, and opinions of the dwellers upon the Nile in the remote periods of the middle and ancient empires are described. The discordances of religion are traced to the mixture of races, four of which have been distinctly traced from monumental evidence, "The Negro, the Libyan, the Mesopotamian, and the Punite."

The mythology is also influenced from the same sources. Four hundred and thirty-eight objects of worship are enumerated and classified as Spirits, Animals, Local Deities, Great Gods, Animal Gods, Human Gods, Cosmic Gods, Abstract Gods, and Foreign Gods. A tabulated form exhibits the fluctuations in the worship of the divinities with the periods of exaltation and degradation, and showing as a rule "that the later imported gods have to yield their position gradually to the older and more deeply-rooted faiths."

It is evident from the earliest literature of the ancient Egyptians which has come down to us that they attained a higher standard of morality than any other nations of the period. "In many respects they are far higher than those of the Greeks, and approach most to the Roman standard after Stoic philosophy and Christianity had purged and improved it. This organised conscience has left many detailed expositions to us in the Precepts of Kagemni, and of Ptah-hotep, of the V Dynasty, in the 'Negative Confession; or, Repudiation of Sins' before the judgment of Osiris, which are probably much older, but only exist in later versions."

The various extracts from these Precepts, etc., are extensive and appropriate, and exhibit in strong relief the happiness of a just, true, and honourable life, and the miserable consequences of an evil one.

The argument with regard to "conscience money" illustrating "the nature of conscience" is both original and able. The Professor points out that the maximum of payments of conscience money occurs in the month of March, and the minimum in the month of September. He adduces from this that "spare cash is more abundant in March than in September," but he appears to have overlooked the fact that the Government financial year terminates on the 31st of March, and that therefore all such payments must be made during that month at latest to be in time for the closing of the account, and the consequent peace of mind of the individual making the payment for conscience sake.

JOSEPH POLLARD.

TWO POPULAR HISTORIES.*

Mr. Archibald Forbes' life of Napoleon III. and Miss Bicknell's story of Marie Antoinette are both pleasant and entertaining books, beautifully produced with a wealth of particularly fine illustrations, and both are written evidently for the general public and not for the dry-as-dust student. In neither will you find much that throws fresh light on the enigma of history, for both authors rely for their facts on a number of well-known authorities, whose statements they have collected, collated, and compared with most praiseworthy diligence, and with excellent results. It is not often that one comes across admittedly popular histories, such as these are, which can be said to be complete, accurate, impartial, and yet eminently readable.

The great fault in Mr. Forbes' book is that he fails to give us a picture of Napoleon III.—the man. His descriptions of the Coup d'Etat, of the Italian campaign, of Sedan, are all excellent and vivid, but in none of them are we allowed to watch the pitiful central figure of the tragedy. Mr. Forbes is, naturally enough, out of sympathy with his hero, if such a title might be applied to one of the least heroic figures of the century. He does his utmost to be scrupulously just—indeed we think he gives Napoleon III. considerably more than his due—but it is easy to see that, try as he may, he cannot help despising him. One of the officers in that striking novel "Le Désastre" (we wonder if Mr. Forbes would describe it as he does "Le Debâcle," as "grotesquely erroneous"), sums up the whole story of the Franco-Prussian war in the exceeding bitter cry, "*Il nous manque un homme.*" And Mr. Forbes, although he lays exaggerated stress on everything that may be urged in the Emperor's favour, can barely find a single trace of manhood in his character. If he had not attempted to whitewash Napoleon, if he had written the life of Napoleon the vacillating, cowardly dreamer, who would have been harmless if he had not been ambitious, his book would have been still more complete, still more accurate.

Miss Bicknell's story of Marie Antoinette is a trifle too dramatic and sentimental, but on the whole it gives a very fair and true picture of the unhappy daughter of Marie Theresa. There is not a dull page in the whole book. There is, it is true, much harmless gossip, and a good deal of space is taken up over such subjects as "Objections to the Dauphine's wish to ride on horseback"—"donkeys allowed as these animals are not at all dangerous"—"what is to be done when a Dauphine of France falls from a donkey"—but then she writes for a public that enjoys such stories. Miss Bicknell is whole-heartedly in love with her subject, and it is hard to blame her if she is rather too full of excuses for Marie Antoinette's conduct, which was certainly distinguished by a most unwise perverseness and thoughtlessness, if by nothing worse—by "errors, not crimes." But we are really sorry to find in such an excellent history the picturesque but long since exploded story of the Queen's heroic fortitude on the scaffold, and her courteous "*Pardon, Monsieur!*" to the executioner.

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* "Religion and Conscience in Ancient Egypt." By Wm. Flinders Petrie, D.C.L. 2s. 6d. (Methuen and Co.)

* "The Life of Napoleon III." By Archibald Forbes, LL.D. 12s. (Chatto and Windus.)

"The Story of Marie Antoinette." By Anna L. Bicknell. 16s. (Fisher Unwin.)

THE SPANISH WINE.*

Historical romance has its conventions, which great novels have obeyed. This little tale is not in accordance with one of them, and yet I have read few books which have given me a more haunting sense of the history of an epoch and the temper of a country. It is in every way original and unexpected, in style, in methods, in results. A consciously literary story, it never drags in interest—rare occurrence. A quick eye can detect the most careful, patient art in its compression, its ellipses, its fastidious choice of words; but this elaboration has not killed the life and force at the roots of it. Every person that crosses the stage is alive and strongly individual. It lies outside the ordinary world of fiction. It is a story of fate slowly prepared, long waited, swiftly and darkly fulfilled, amid the outlawry and the civil war of Elizabethan Ireland. But to me it seems more familiar and convincing than Bond Street scenes in the hands of ordinary novelists. I wish it were all as good as its best parts. Alas, it is very imperfect. The critical scene during the siege of the Castle, where Dunluce speaks to his lost wife over the dead body of their son, while Jessica listens to this past page in her husband's history, fresh as she is from a secret but honourable interview with his enemy and her old lover, I am not forced by Mr. Mathew to realise clearly. And though I prefer slang to sham archaisms, the prevailing beautiful style makes such a phrase as "suits you down to the ground" come on one with a harsh shock. Let us forgive slips for the sake of the illuminating pictures of human nature—none more so than that of the sensitive, loving child, who made a lifelong wound in her heart because she was too vain to own her tenderness for the rough, outlawed Shamus, in face of his gibing foes; and for the sake of the poetic spirit which reads things as well as hearts, and knows the part they play in human tragedy. When we have forgotten some details of the grim story, the Castle will still loom dark and suggestive in our memories, symbol of Jessica's life "between the delusive sea and the unfortunate hills."

A. M.

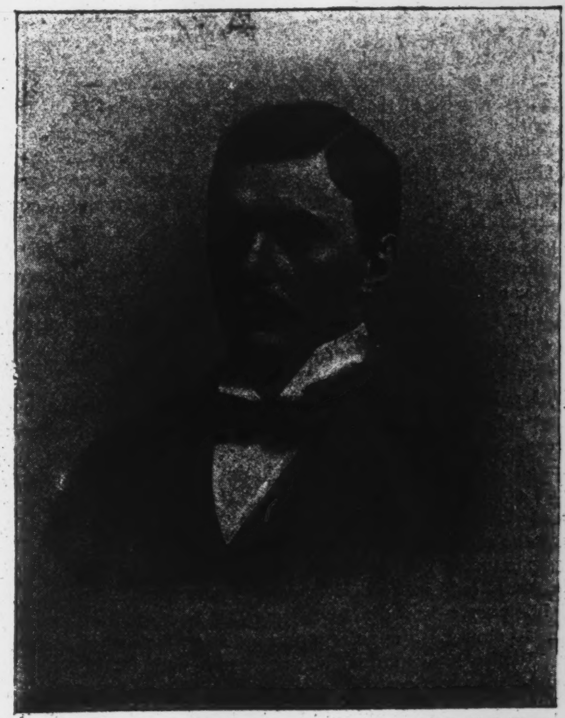
THE BUILDING OF THE EMPIRE.†

This is undoubtedly one of the most convenient and the most readable of the many books that our recent very conscious and somewhat apprehensive pride of empire has inspired. Its object is to "present the story of the growth and development of the Empire from the moment when England, having been finally shut off from dominion on the Continent of Europe," began to seek for it beyond the wider seas. For the most part it is a heroic story, the sections on Elizabethan colonisation, and on the American and Indian settlements capitally narrated. It is hardly at all a critical work. Few attempts are made to coolly estimate the several values of our different dominions, though there is an occasional shrewd remark on our colonial policy. Of course, the last chapters are, as might be expected, quite without value. Mr. Story would have brought a wasp's nest about him had he stated opinions about some recent African doings. He has chosen to be prudent, and prudence is quite useless. In dealing with the Chartered Company he dares not even mention Mr. Rhodes's name! He is no ordinary compiler, but a trained writer, very much to the advantage of the book from the point of view of readability. But now and again he gives up his excellent plan of simple forcible narrative, and makes reflections in this puzzling fashion: "There have been times, as this record has attempted to show, when the British name has seemed on the point of sinking so low as almost to suggest the broader penultimate vowel and a discarded glory." We have solved this at last, but it has taken time. Mr. Story has sought his material in many and in the best directions, and his two volumes must find a place on many a shelf of handy books. Pictorially, too, the subject has been attractively and liberally treated.

NOVEL NOTES.

THE VINTAGE. A Romance of the Greek War of Independence. By E. F. Benson. With a map and eleven illustrations by G. P. Jacomb-Hood. 6s. (Methuen.)

The story of the freeing of the Peloponnesus, from Corinth to Maina, is here told in spirited and romantic style. So much historical study and so close an acquaintance with the Greek people and the face of their country have gone to the making of Mr. Benson's latest book that it must be a matter of regret to some that he has not chosen rather to write a straightforward history of the War of Independence. But then we should have lost Nicholas, and never known Mitsos and Suleima, heroic and charming figures. If the frivolous taint of "Dodo" still linger about Mr. Benson's name, surely "The Vintage" will cleanse him from it. It is a very serious and a very simple-minded book—conventional in tone, but obeying healthy and pleasing conventions. The peasant life of Greece is treated in idyllic fashion; the generous efforts to cast off the Turkish yoke are recorded with a warm enthusiasm which is attractive and contagious; while there are passages of adventure that are fresh and stirring as the heart of reader could desire. Mr. Benson has given us a little too much of everything; but it is ungrateful to complain of length in connection with this, his least sophisticated and his ablest novel.



From Photo by] MR. E. F. BENSON. [*Russell & Sons.*

SHREWSBURY. By Stanley J. Weyman. 6s. (Longmans.)

The first hundred pages of "Shrewsbury" are dull and lifeless and irrelevant. On page 105—we give the exact number so that readers of THE BOOKMAN may be spared the trouble of wading dismally through the first part of the novel—Ferguson, an arch-villain, and by far the best-drawn figure of the story, makes his appearance, and things then move merrily enough, but never quite as fast as we could wish until the last chapter is reached. The hero of the book and narrator of the story is not the Duke of Shrewsbury, for the most part a shadowy personage, but one Richard Price, who is in turn an usher, a Grub Street hack, and a private secretary, but above all and always a miserable poltroon whose cowardly whinings are monotonous and exasperating. Why Mr. Weyman should have allowed such a contemptible creature to occupy the most prominent position in the novel passes comprehension. The general idea of the book is so excellent and the historical setting so appropriate that if the hero had been one of those generous, swaggering swashbucklers which Mr. Weyman can draw to perfection, the story would have been entirely successful. It is quite evident that the author of "Shrewsbury" must write within certain well-defined limits if he is to hold his position among the public he has created. As long as he keeps strictly to the Dumas tradition, with its breathless pace and never-ceasing sword play, few can compare with him. "Shrewsbury" is unquestionably an excellent and accurate study of life and manners under William III., but in spite of one or two highly dramatic scenes it is not a book that one is compelled to read at a sitting. And this is after all a very fair test of merit of the historical novel from the general reader's point of view, and a test which can be applied with success to Mr. Weyman's earlier works

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* "The Spanish Wine." By Frank Mathew. 3s. 6d. (Lane.)

† "The Building of the Empire." The Story of England's Growth from Elizabeth to Victoria. By A. T. Story. Illustrated. 2 vols. 12s. (Longmans.)

THE TRAGEDY OF THE KOROSKO. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s. (Smith, Elder, and Co.)

This is a delightful book, and one of the most pleasing pieces of work that has come from Mr. Conan Doyle's versatile pen. There is not a jarring note sounded in the whole story, there is not a single character introduced that is not sympathetically pictured, that does not make immediate and successful appeal to the imagination of the reader. The plot is full of dramatic power, and it does not flag for an instant. Even the political discussions are lively and entertaining reading.

"The Tragedy of the Korosko" may not take rank as literature with "Micah Clarke" or "The White Company," but it is most emphatically a book to be read and enjoyed by thousands. It offers one of the best excuses for the present campaign in Egypt, for if there had been no such war and no war correspondents Mr. Conan Doyle would probably not have visited Egypt, and there would have been no "Tragedy of the Korosko." Her Majesty's Government is at perfect liberty to make use of the suggestion. We feel sure such an argument would be appreciated in the House and throughout the country.

GOD'S FOUNDLING. By A. J. Dawson. 6s. (William Heinemann.)

If Mr. Dawson would only give up attempting to be over-clever, if he would only be content to cultivate a less hysterical, flowery, and absurdly exaggerated style, if he would only abandon his objectionable habit of ticketing all his characters in such a conspicuous manner that we are compelled to picture one of them as the man with the Trichinopoly cheroot for whom the station-master opens his carriage door, and another as the gentleman who sucks oranges in a busy City thoroughfare, if he would only make up his mind not to speak of twilight as "night's purple-draped ante-chamber," if he would only register a vow to shun such appalling phrases as "his red lips sensitive as an Aeolian harp's strings . . . seemed to tinge with hesitancy's greyness the vivid pertinence of much that he said," or "winter-sunlight-flecked Rüdesheimer"—he would, we believe, write a thoroughly good novel. He possesses the one great advantage of having something, even a good deal, to say which is worth listening to; some day he will learn how to say it.

The story of "God's Foundling" is the tragedy that comes into a man's life as he watches in anxious, helpless misery, the past re-incarnated in the present. Morley Fenton had banished by dint of long years of clean living a certain Bohemian episode of his youth; in spite of all his well-meaning but rather grotesque efforts to shield him, his son falls as he fell, sins as he sinned. But Morley Fenton's foundling, bruised and battered in the struggle, becomes at last God's foundling, though in the fight for the young man's soul the father dies before the victory is won. There are many scenes of real and poignant dramatic strength, and there is much remarkably clever characterisation in the book. Leo Tarne, the decadent novelist with the scented cigarettes, who shows a diabolical ingenuity in leading the young man astray, and George Barnard, the untidy, great-hearted barrister with the grinning dog (more labelling) who does his best to outwit him and counteract his influence, and "old man Carroll," who shows him the dawning of the new life, are but a few of the finely drawn figures who live in its pages. And the scene between father and son in the *fleur-de-lys* room of the Castanets is but one of the many finely drawn pictures it contains.

JOHN GILBERT, YEOMAN. A Romance of the Commonwealth. By R. G. Soan. 6s. (F. Warne.)

If you are not very young, it will seem as if you had read this worthy story at least two hundred and fifty times already. That there are so many of its kind, ready and eager for our perusal, is no doubt a very good sign of the times. This one is neither better nor worse than the others you confuse it with, save that it loses rather in the race by its inordinate length. The sound of "Master Humphrey" and "Mistress Anne," and of a mild oath or two like "marry!" give the pleasing and expected sense of archaism; the kidnapping of a lovely maiden is the sensational *pièce de résistance*; and in the love-story of a Cavalier youth and a Roundhead girl we have the romance no self-respecting story of the period would think of omitting. The introduction of Cromwell is hardly a success. Mr. Soans there errs with his betters; but at least they did not make the grim Protector a heavy-fatherly person, eager to bless and even to be present at two very dull and unimportant young people's wedding.

THE LADY CHARLOTTE. By Adeline Sergeant. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

Miss Sergeant's admirers will be gratified with her new book. It is an excellent story, interesting and lively, and must be included among her most successful efforts. The Lady Charlotte herself is a highborn dame, who by her imperious beauty and commanding intellect queens it, in autocratic fashion, over all and sundry. Her husband, her publishers, and the male world generally are made to tremble at her nod. It is only unfortunate that after a brilliant career sixteen chapters long this high-spirited personage should pass beyond the control even of the author and tumble ignominiously from her pedestal just at the climax of the story. In the scene with Arthur she acts out of character and becomes undignified. Melodrama we can pardon, but not shrewishness. She is never restored to her pinnacle again, but finishes her career on a more ordinary level. One of the best character-studies in the book is that of Esther Ellison. She is painted throughout in neutral tints but without a single false touch. Her mistakes and her heroisms, her strength and her weakness are intensely natural in every detail. Among the innumerable University girls and "new" women of every type who have figured in recent fiction, we have not come across another so entirely true to life. Esther Ellison's portraiture is one of the best among the many excellent things which will make "The Lady Charlotte" welcome to all lovers of wholesome fiction. Miss Sergeant is to be congratulated on her pleasantly-written and interesting story.

A FORGOTTEN SIN. By Dorothea Gerard (Madame Longard de Longgarde). 6s. (Blackwood.)

There is a situation here worth fine treatment, far from new, but capable and deserving of revivification. A father on the brink of financial ruin and dishonour, sees salvation in his daughter's marriage with a rich man; and sees it imperilled again by the rich man's entanglement with a fascinating singer. He appeals to the siren, and finds himself face to face with vengeance for an old forgotten sin of his youth. The discovery that the entrancing Carmen is his daughter, and the triumph of Carmen in seeing the dishonourer of her mother brought low, should have made a strong and impressive scene. It is spoilt by the fact that all the main characters are lifeless, soulless, colourless things. The plain, long-suffering wife of the ruined man is the best drawn personage; the others are either feeble or lurid; and the workmanship is everywhere too slipshod and hasty to be worthy of so able a writer as Madame de Longgarde.

A WOMAN TEMPTED HIM. By William Westall. 6s. (Chatto and Windus.)

We read this story with some interest, in constant expectation of an exciting passage which never came. At the end we had the impression of having examined a half-finished work. There is a disappointing absence of care or finish, either in the general conception, the personages, or the details of the book. We own Mr. Westall has contrived a difficult plot. Financial enterprises always complicate a story, and the hero's dealings with the journalistic world and with the Fairlight family were too involved to make his story a very simple one. Still, making all allowances, we feel the conclusion to be a fizzle. The tale should have gripped the personalities of Lyle and Edith Fairlight. Lyle is all the time tamely slipping out of difficulties, never grappling with them; and Edith, the criminal, is let go altogether—perhaps in order that the story may end more pleasantly. Not pleasure, but muddle, is our impression in the end, however, seeing that Mr. Westall has dealt elaborately with a score or so of quite unimportant persons, on the chance he might need great services of them before he finished. He lets them all glide away from our interest while he is making every effort to provide his hero with a decent competency. The anonymous letters are a poor expedient for that young man's discomfort or our excitement, seeing that they are very easily disproved and very little credited; and if a novelist is to be so gallant as to refuse to convict a lady criminal of incitement to murder, he had better be gallant enough not to encourage our belief in her wickedness at all.

A MAN WITH A MAID. By Mrs. Henry E. Dudeney. Pioneer Series. 2s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

This story has been told a thousand times, but, alas, perhaps not too often, since tens of thousand times has it been enacted in real life. It is the old tale of the good-natured, careless man, who fondly believes the girl will take the flirtation as lightly as he, and who is tremendously shocked when his conventional marriage drives her to despair and death—an old tale here cleverly and pathetically retold. We have only two faults to find with Mrs. Dudeney's version. The description of Maielli's workroom seems to us written from the outside. Love and flirtation and immorality would have each played a part there, we do not doubt; but all the other components of the life have been omitted, and the impression is an exaggerated and a false one. Then the visit to the churchyard in the end should have been missed out. We doubt if Tom ever paid it. He would have been too dulled by prosperity or too remorseful. We would rather have gone to Tabby's grave in the company of the faithful and enterprising butcher. Some of the humorous and the satirical circumstances of the story make us feel we should gladly read a novel by Mrs. Dudeney written in a cheerful vein.

FOR THE RELIGION. By Hamilton Drummond. 6s. (Smith, Elder, and Co.).

The title-page of "For the Religion" bears those truly ominous words "being the records of Blaise de Bernault," and we prepared for a dull story. The first chapter or two entirely came up to our expectations, for they form one of those rambling general introductions which lead nowhere and tell nothing, and exasperate the reader. But when Mr. Drummond warmed to his work—why waste fifty pages?—we became thoroughly interested and read on to the last line without anything to mar our enjoyment. Blaise de Bernault formed one of the little band of explorers who were sent by Coligny to Florida to prepare for their harassed brethren of the Religion a refuge beyond the seas. "For the Religion" is the history of that tragic voyage from which only one man returned, and a grim and ghastly story it is. But it is well worth reading if only for the description of the sinking of the *Queen of Navarre* when across the sullen, angry ocean there was heard the solemn chanting of "Out of the depths have I cried, O Lord," as the "Sons of France sang themselves unquaveringly down the black valley of death." "For the Religion" is an excellent historical novel, unpretentious but convincing in style, and crammed as full as the most jaded reader could desire, of tragedy, massacre and bloodshed, unspeakable treachery, and fearful revenge.

TRAITS AND CONFIDENCES. By the Hon. Emily Lawless. 6s. (Methuen.)

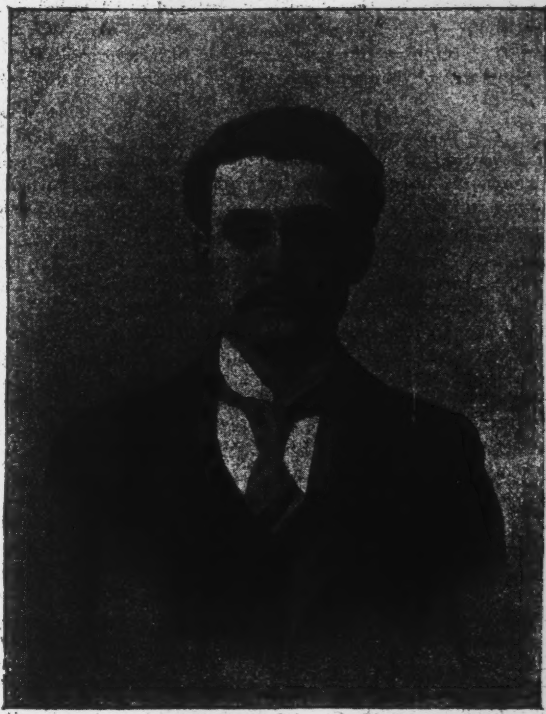
These pages from Miss Lawless's note-books will keenly interest all who know Ireland. Patches of national history, scraps of family history, personal reminiscences, a song or two, a few legends, make up a very readable and sympathetic volume of odds and ends. An individual attitude is a uniting circumstance of all these anecdotes and incidents, which the writer has rejected for her more elaborate work. In the reticent sadness, the cheerful bitterness, in the strong love of the wild and the picturesque, the authoress of "Hurrish" and "Grania" will be recognised.

THE FIGHT FOR THE CROWN. By W. E. Norris. 6s. (Seeley.)

"A good fellow, but a hopelessly inept politician," said Lady Virginia, quite correctly, of the hero in the last chapter. And it is his political career we are begged to follow in this most lamentably unsuccessful book. "The Fight for the Crown" is a title that boys and all spirited persons will open their purses for. Let them be warned. They will have no fight and no crown for their money. It is an Irish story without a blink of wit or humour or emotion in it. It is a political tale without one wave of excitement. The most frivolous reader will find a blue-book entrancing by comparison. As a love-romance it is the most cautious, the most humdrum we have ever met. The women folk in it are alone bearable. We should not look at them twice in another book, but they shine with a faint radiance here—the one for her Nationalist zeal, the other for her ill-temper—by contrast with the hero. Oh, British youth! See in Wilfrid the sum of all your uncharming qualities. He is the solemnest, the stodgiest, the stupidest human creature who ever seriously set himself to make up a mind he had not got. Mr. Norris's part in such a dreary performance is perfectly inexplicable. It is a conscientious and respectable book, of course, but from him one expects something better than that.

CLEO THE MAGNIFICENT, or the Muse of the Real. By Z. Z. 6s. (Heinemann.)

The theme of Mr. Zangwill's latest story is excellent. The hero, a young poet, an idealist, a fastidious artist, finds, in Book I., his efforts end in failure, and himself forced to the conclusion he was made for another and, of course, a much better kind of world. Usual result—a bonfire of MSS. Yet in the last pages you find him buckling to his writing work again with hope and purpose. He has renounced his former aestheticisms, and is resolved to be the poet of the Real. To tell how the evolution comes about is the object of the book. He was a very silly young man, and fell under the spell of the siren Cleo, as shoddy a charmer as we have ever met with. She would not have taken in a baby, but Morgan had not the wisdom of a baby, and he took her pretensions, as sibyl and as artist, very seriously, and somehow was not disgusted with her obvious vulgarity—this, too, though he loved to distraction the best and the most talented girl in London. Then the magnificent humbug leaves him saddled with her debts, and in working off these—which he insists on doing, though his father is rich and all-indulgent—he learns something of the stern realities of life. This is healthy and interesting material, the best Mr. Zangwill has yet made use of. If only he had treated Morgan's silly thraldom to Cleo with a touch of humour. But he is as solemn over it as Morgan himself. Yet brightness and lightness are not everywhere wanting. The sprightly Helen is good company, and talks much amusing nonsense of this kind: "You forget I'm a bundle of 'isms,' and in practice one can only be true to one at a time. When that one begins to make me feel uncomfortable, I become true to another." But even Helen did not laugh at the hero quite enough for his good.


MR. LOUIS ZANGWILL.

POOR MAX. By Iota. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

"Poor Max" is a better fashioned story than "A Yellow Aster," and it contains one character excellently portrayed. But the earlier book had a kind of *succès de scandale*—quite unexplained, by the way, for it was as moral as it was unhumorous—that the present one cannot hope to rival. The story is more deftly handed, and Max is an interesting personage—the type of the charmer, who is the most fascinating companion in all the world and the most grievous of husbands, kind and cruel, abnormally sensitive and grossly obtuse, ineffective in life, but capable of dying better than most. Of course, like the rest of her school, "Iota" has a keen enjoyment in painting such a big baby of a man with a practical, quick-witted, devoted woman by his side, who has found him out and still takes care of him. She has not altered her style much. She still exhibits the same jerky wit which tires us sadly before the end. And the conclusion of her story will make moralists and comfortable readers protest in unison. After Max dies, the devoted Judith rejects the hand of a very good fellow, whom she loves, and accepts a rich man whom she neither loves nor has any business to love—and all because she has a weak and unpractical little boy, who one day might be a failure, were it necessary for him to earn his bread. So rich meats and soft beds are now recommended for the flabby. It is an immoral and an unsuccessful régime.

A STORM-RENT SKY. Scenes of Love and Revolution. By M. Betham-Edwards. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

There is no one left who writes the young person's novel so solidly as Miss Betham-Edwards. It is built on sound knowledge. Her capital of reading for one book would serve three of our ordinary historical romance-writers for their lifetime. And in its own way, not a very easy or graceful way, it is well written. "A Storm-Rent Sky" sounds throughout much in this style. "Ah! that great Englishman with the universal name, the ennobler of every Adam and every Smith henceforth to be born. Wealth of nations! what means the term but earth's produce, man's ingenuity placed within reach of all? France, France, how hast thou defaced, crushed, dismembered thyself under the vile juggernaut called privilege?" But the French Revolution heroes did talk like that, and the smileless, rhetorical enthusiasm of the characters is in great part true to fact. Of course, this suits Miss Betham-Edwards's temper admirably. To describe what the Revolution looked like to provincial France is the object of the story, and the circumstances that would most touch a young reader, the religious fervour, the eloquent declamation for liberty, the selfless devotion of the youth of the time, have an impressive echo. Of familiar human nature there is some talk and little realisation. In accordance with his own motto of *De l'audace, et toujours de l'audace*, the hero is no other than Danton; but he interests us a good deal less than the peasant girl who loved him enough to cure him of his romance for her, and thus gave him to his country.

BY THE ROARING REUSS. Idylls and Stories of the Alps. By W. Bridges Birtt. 5s. (A. Constable.)

These simple stories are fittingly illustrated by a series of bald photographs of Alpine scenery. Neither pictures nor text suggest the charm of the country they are so anxious to celebrate. Artless they both are in every sense of the word. But one reads an intense love for a valley and its people in Mr. Birtt's anecdotes, and a mind wide open to sentiment and natural beauty. If that were enough for his purpose, the agreeable people would be the successful authors, a delightful arrangement! It has been decreed quite otherwise.

A LOW-BORN LASS. By Mrs. Herbert Martin. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

Novel-readers with a good memory may recall that, in Mrs. Martin's earlier book, "Gentleman George," the hero's particular *protégée*, in his obscure days, was a naughty child, Sukey Rogers by name. She has written a sequel to tell the after-history of that young person, and the sequel is much the better book of the two. It must certainly leave a trace of itself in the minds of all who care for good work. Sukey is a reality, because Mrs. Martin has thrown sentimentality to the winds, and told the truth about her. She has imagined no lurid truth either. Out of the girl's stormy, difficult nature, and of her circumstances, it would have been easy enough to weave a sordid tragedy. But pride kept her feet straight, pride rather than refinement, for she belonged emphatically to her own class. She loved beyond her station, and vainly; and Mrs. Martin's triumph is in showing how such a spirited, rebellious, passionate nature can be ground in the mill of the world so as to accept a very ordinary lot instead of the bright fate promised for one mocking instant. Sukey and her mother, the loving and heroic slattern, move us to unusual friendliness by their warm reality.

A BRANCH OF LAUREL. By A. B. Louis. 3s. 6d. (Bliss, Sands and Co.)

A tragic tale of suffering and martyrdom in France in the time of Richelieu. The burning of Urbain Grandier, Chanoine of S. Pierre, Loudun, is the historical incident round which the writer has woven a harrowing story of disappointed love, jealousy and revenge. The plot of the abbess to ruin the man she once loved, and her frenzy of remorse when she finds that she has brought him to the stake, the demoniacal possession of the nuns, the ravings of the mad Louise, and the spite of Grandier's ecclesiastical foes, combine to form a picture whose lurid colouring the pathetic love-story of Grandier and Juliette de Mazade can do little to soften. It is all very painful and harrowing—increasingly so towards the end, where the crazed girl finds Juliette in her *robe de fête* kneeling, dead, beside the ashes of her lover. Those who affect the darker emotions should not miss this story. It is well told and readable, and will not fail to provide them with an hour of dismal delight.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

JOHN BRIGHT. By C. A. Vince. Victorian Era Series. 2s. 6d. (Blackie.)

A history of John Bright's career and opinions means a survey of a good part of the political thought of the century. Into little space Mr. Vince has compressed much information and fair-minded judgment on his subject. His plan has been to give Bright's views on the various controversies in his own words as far as possible, and to add a critical estimate of his conduct and his speeches in connection with them. But in regard to the Home Rule controversy, he has stated Bright's position and added no critical comment of his own. This is perhaps a prudent course, but it makes the book incomplete. The chapters seem to us of different values. That on the Corn Law agitation is too meagre, not to be compared in force and fulness to those on the Crimean War and Parliamentary Reform. But the parts of Bright and Cobden in the agitation are excellently differentiated. The book is far from being an eulogy; in a few passages we should desire a warmer note of admiration. "He was habitually severe, not to say uncharitable, in his moral judgments," says Mr. Vince. Is this true of any period save his latest, when he was embittered by the severance from old friends? But the general tone is sympathetic, and the appreciation of one of the greatest emotional forces in politics in this century, and of the silver-tongued oratory which kept opponents spell-bound with admiration, is none the less effective that it is critical and accompanied by a cool analysis.

THE JOURNALS OF WALTER WHITE, Assistant Secretary of the Royal Society. With a Preface by his Brother, William White, and a Portrait. (Chapman.)

His secretarial work brought Walter White into contact with all the notable scientific men of his day, and through them he made many friendships and acquaintances in literary and artistic London. In his journals he was in the habit of noting down brief notes of his meetings with these, professional or social. The notes vary much in interest and value and range; often merely trifling, they are occasionally amusing, and contain a good new story or two. These have already been widely quoted. But we find a better justification of the published book in the unconscious portrait of its writer. It is a valuable contribution to the natural history of the "self-made" man—never a very happy type of humanity when it has intellectual aspirations. There is no evidence anywhere of a strong intellect; but he had great intelligence, a restless curiosity, and refined tastes. Rarely have we come across a record so contradictory to a superficial glance. The finnicking, priggish, pathetically aspiring entries of his youth are repeated, in rather less candid versions, up to his latest day. "*April* 1. Working at wardrobe; application in its strictest sense essentially necessary. Got magazines in the evening, read them." "*March* 17. Rained fast on coming out of chapel. Mem.: very vulgar to run home.' There was something of the making of a Pepys in the writer of a journal who records with equal care the summary of a scientific discussion and his vexation at being charged three shillings more than the advertised price for a dinner. Some quaint uncritical remarks on great men and important things may raise a smile; but he must have had, besides an uncommon degree of intelligence, a very sympathetic nature, which made poets and painters and scientists take him into their confidence, and be at ease with him.

A CROATIAN COMPOSER. Notes towards the Study of Joseph Haydn. By W. H. Hadow. 2s. 6d. net. (Seeley.)

Mr. Hadow has a case to prove, and he proves it, we think—to the sorrow of Germans, surely. They must look askance at the prying of modern critics into the pedigree of great composers whose genius seemed so securely a Teutonic possession. But the loose claims made, and even admitted, for Chopin, Liszt, and Dvorák as German masters have brought about a reaction; and Slav and Magyar are asserting themselves. That it was no mere accident that made Croatia Haydn's birthplace Mr. Hadow proves by an examination of his family history and a careful analysis of his musical methods and material. His debt to German music is, of course, not disputed. It is an able and suggestive essay, which may set on foot other similar inquiries of great artistic and ethnological interest. Mr. Hadow is almost our only serious musical writer who forces consideration for his subject outside strictly musical circles.

POEMS FROM THE DIVAN OF HAFIZ. Translated by Gertrude Lowthian Bell. (Heinemann.)

"They shall bring insanity upon all that read them," said Hafiz's uncle of his nephew's poems. A strong head is needed by whoso loves these poems and their kind. The mystic sensualism is enervating to the indolent, the timid, the despiser of common things. But the strong man finds in it rest and room for the wanderings of his soul. Mrs. Bell's essay on the poetry and philosophy of Hafiz is an interesting summary of the best researches on the subject. There is little personal judgment, and we do not wonder. Hafiz, even more than Omar, is all-elusive. He is a great suggester, a great framer of fecund moods. To attach definite modern meanings to his images, and make them stand for this or that doctrine, is to go astray and lose him and his influence. Her poetical translation is very able and often very happy. We could quote almost from every poem lines that show a mastery of rhythm and a sympathetic reading of the original. This stanza will serve to suggest a harmonious sweetness to which few translations ever attain or aspire.

"Hast thou forgotten how the glorious
Swift nights flew past, the cup of dawn brimmed high?

My love and I alone, God favouring us!
And when she like a waning moon did lie,
And sleep had drawn his coif about her brow,
Hast thou forgot? Heaven's crescent moon would bow
The head, and in her service pace the sky!"

In the poetical record of the past year Mrs. Bell's achievement should not be overlooked.

SHADOWS AND FIRE-FLIES. A Book of Verse. By Louis Barsac. (Unicorn Press.)

Mr. Barsac has pleasant things to say of grass and wind and clouds, and things of that sort. On the whole he treats landscape harmlessly, even prettily, if he is no great hand at interpreting it. Now and again he has a graceful thought about the face of the world, or his own simple feelings. But, alas, he has his ambitious moments, and in translating these he sometimes writes nonsense; and we like him well enough to wish him more discretion.

"I love the quaintsome reticence of things,"

he says. So do we, but probably with more sincerity than does Mr. Barsac.

THE STORY OF THE CHURCH OF EGYPT, being an Outline of the History of the Egyptians under their successive masters from the Roman conquest until now. By E. L. Butler. In two Volumes. (Smith, Elder and Co.)

In her modest preface Mrs. Butler disclaims the intention of writing the final history of the "Church in Egypt," and fears that scholars may find in her book much to criticise. Her qualifications for introducing her readers to the subject are, that during a residence of twenty years in Egypt she has conceived a strong affection for the native Christians, and has spared no pains to become acquainted with their history and legends. The story, although not free from some errors, is told in an interesting manner, with here and there vivid touches which reveal that in certain of the most outstanding figures she has found much to delight her. Her judgments are not always free from prejudice, and one cannot but be reminded at one or two points of the narrative of the strikingly contrasted judgments of Lady Duff Gordon. The merit of Mrs. Butler's book is that it opens a fresh and attractive field of study, and one into which the English protectors of Egypt may be expected to enter with zest.

SOCIAL EVOLUTION. By Benjamin Kidd. Nineteenth Thousand, with Appendix, containing a reply to criticisms. (Macmillan and Co., Ltd.)

Mr. Kidd's "Social Evolution" is interesting in several aspects, and not least in this, that a large and philosophical work should have created a demand for ten or twelve thousand copies in the first year of its publication, and should, after a life of four years, still find purchasers. That is a fact to be taken account of by those who fancy that the intellect of our country is degenerating and susceptible of no sustained effort of serious thought. The interest of the present issue of Mr. Kidd's work attaches to his answer to criticisms. That he condescends to make any answer shows that it is not popularity but truth that interests him. But his estimate of the criticisms which have been passed upon his theory may be gathered from the character of his reply, which takes the form of a lucid and summary re-statement of his main contention, that it has been and is the function of religions to supply "the ultimate sanction for that effort and sacrifice necessary to the continuance of the process of evolution proceeding in society, but which man, as a reasoning creature subject to the law of retrogression, is, in the nature of things, precluded from ever finding in his own reason."

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. An Account of his Career, including his Birth, Education, Travels, Marriage, and Home Life, and Philanthropic, Social, and Political Work. 10s. 6d. (Grant Richards.)

Those people—and there are many of them—to whom an anecdote about Royalty comes always as a delicious tit-bit, will probably take a vast amount of pleasure in studying this volume, and even those who care little about the inside of any book may gratify their æsthetic sense as well as their aristocratic proclivities by letting it lie prominently upon their tables. The scope of the book is, as will be observed, very fully described in the title, and it may be sufficient for us to say that not one of the points there enumerated is neglected or inadequately treated in the text. His Royal Highness' many excellent characteristics—and Royal personages possess no others, at least until they have become historical—are fully and appreciatively described. There are numerous illustrations, and the printing and binding are excellent.

THE BIBLE REFERENCES OF JOHN RUSKIN. By Mary and Ellen Gibbs. 5s. (George Allen.)

Mr. Ruskin's reverence for the Bible is well known. Throughout his writings he constantly refers to it, recognising its authority as supreme, and finding in it the highest exposition of his ideals. In such a wide field the task of selection must have been difficult, but the compilers have apparently spared no pains to make their collection as complete as possible, and have added greatly to its usefulness by the alphabetical arrangement of subjects, and the auxiliary lists at the end. The extracts themselves are of sufficient length to exhibit Mr. Ruskin's characteristic grace of language and purity of sentiment, and to enable the reader to enter fully into the various trains of thought. It is in such passages as those which are collected in this volume that Ruskin is seen at his best, and in thus gathering them together the compilers have rendered a service alike to religion and literature.

FATHER JOHN. By Alexander Whyte. 2s. (Oliphant, Anderson and Ferrier.)

Dr. Whyte's series of monographs on the great Mystics form perhaps his most valuable and certainly most unique contribution to the religious scholarship of the day. His admirable catholicity of spirit enables him to appreciate the value of the material which his wide reading brings within his reach, and his keen spiritual insight directs him in choosing the most appropriate and helpful passages to introduce to his classes and readers. It is only another proof of his liberality of mind that he has included in his group of devout men and women one who is still living and working in Europe, the Most Reverend John Iliytch Sergieff, of St. Andrew's Cathedral, Cronstadt, "the greatest of living spiritual writers and a true scriptural mystic." "Father John's" diary is a record of his own spiritual experience, and, like the meditations of Jacob Behmen and the others to whom Dr. Whyte has introduced us, a rich aid to devotional thought and feeling. So truly evangelical is the spirit of these journals, and so wide and powerful is "Father John's" influence in the Greek Church in Russia, that Dr. Whyte is disposed to look to him as possibly "predestinated to effect the internal reformation and the spiritual quickening of the Church and the people he loves so well."

OLD TRACKS AND NEW LANDMARKS. By Mary A Walker. 14s. (Richard Bentley and Son.)

Mrs. Walker is an indefatigable and unselfish traveller, cheerfully encountering discomfort and even hardship for the sake of seeing the least frequented corners of the East, and sitting down at every spare moment to record her impressions for the benefit of her less-favoured or less energetic countrymen. Her books have a characteristic flavour of their own, chiefly owing to their entire naturalness. The writer sets down just what happens to strike her, and the result is a pleasant *pot pourri* of anecdote and jest, of ancient lore and modern gossip, illustrated with dainty sketches selected from the writer's own portfolio. The book has its limitations; it is neither for the student nor the tourist; but it is just the book to be read aloud in winter evenings in quiet family circles.

THE YOUNG AUTHOR'S PAGE.

Regulations for Young Author's Page.

1. *All MSS. must bear the real name and address of the writer, and also initials or* nom de plume *for designation in* The Bookman. *(An infringement of this regulation is the frequent cause of the delay in noticing MSS. that are sent.)*

2. *Should writers desire their MSS. returned, they must send stamped addressed envelopes or wrappers. When this rule is complied with we shall make every endeavour to return the MSS. But we undertake no responsibility whatever for their custody or safe return, and writers are earnestly requested to keep copies.*

3. *MSS. received on or before the 15th of the month will be noticed, if possible, in the next number.*

4. *Not more than one contribution may be sent by any one contributor in one month.*

5. *The terms for fuller opinions on MSS. may be had on application to the*

Editor of the Young Author's Page,
"Bookman" Office,
27, Paternoster Row, London,

to whom all MSS. must be addressed.

The Editor cannot guarantee that inquiries concerning this column shall be answered before the end of the month.

A. B.—The worst defect your story has—and it is a fatal one—is that it is commonplace. Still, you write fairly well, and may do better another time.

Caprice.—The verses have a pretty lilt, but are trifling. If you are musical you might please yourself and your friends by using them as songs.

C. H.—Your story is very fair for a first attempt, and shows signs of painstaking work. You write grammatically, but do not spell correctly. But even taking pains will not make a successful author.

Cigale.—Your lyrics are capital—especially the first. The second subject is not so well suited for lyrical treatment, and the fourth line of the refrain is not quite satisfactory in sense. Be strict with yourself and pass nothing that is not quite right. Exercise yourself in other forms. I wish you every success.

C. W. W.—There are good points in the verses, and the sentiment is excellent, but why not learn to spell correctly? That is an accomplishment that can be acquired, and poetic genius cannot. Still, you write gracefully, and would do better still if you counted your syllables.

Delta.—Your verses show poetical fancy, but the metre is too irregular, and the meaning—especially in the last verse—not at all clear.

E. B. B. (Essex).—There is great promise in your work. You should certainly persevere, for I have no doubt you will do well. The "cat" story might suit a magazine for young folks. But why do you write such a trying hand? It is unkind to your friends' eyes.

H. K.—You have spoiled what might have been a very pretty story. Several unfitting expressions take the sweetness out of it. With regard to construction, the chief fault is that the description of the storm is too long. You should not keep the reader so long away from the children.

H. S. T.—Your essay is very interesting, and quite what some magazines would print. But, unfortunately, few editors care for that sort of matter from uninvited contributors. If you should make further use of the paper I think it would be well to revise the last page. The connection of the sentence about Arnold with what goes before is not quite obvious. I confess I have missed the meaning.

J. M.—Your sonnet has considerable merit, except the first line, which is poor. Your form is not according to the strict Italian model, but (you will say) neither was Shakespeare's. The idea is very pretty. Try again.

J. M. (Church Orme).—You have a decided faculty for stories of adventure, and your style will become more fluent with practice. You might offer your story to any of the magazines that cater for boys.

Laodamia.—You have evidently a ready pen and plenty of vivacity. But your story is too nonsensical for serious criticism.

Liberty.—Your work is decidedly above the average. The coster poems are really good, and I agree with you that that is your vein. Of the other "The Minstrel" is the best. Somehow, subjects like "Cock o' the North" and the others, never seem so successful. If you can find a publisher for your poems, collect them by all means, but I do not advise you to publish at your own expense. Poetry is not, as a rule, a money-making form of literature. As for journalism, I am afraid good health is one of its first requirements.

Nemo.—You have certainly achieved considerable success in your latest effort. Still, your natural tendency is towards lyric. It is among flowers, and rivulets, and song-subjects generally that you are in your happiest vein. Part II., where you leave nature, is very unsuccessful. I am glad your former results were so encouraging.

Nineteen.—You should scarcely call such a matter-of-fact narrative a "poem." Why did your hero not speak out, instead of bedewing the earth with such perpetual "floods" of tears? Do not attempt blank verse until you are a master of prosody. "Feminine endings" require management. Some of your lines are a foot short, and your heroine's name interferes rather badly with your rhythm.

Ravati (?)—These are not very successful. To render Hebrew poetry adequately in English rhyme is impossible. The sonnet is better.

THE NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

Allen, Dr. A. V. G.—Christian Institutions, 12/-......T. & T. Clark

Baring-Gould, Rev. E.—Lives of the Saints, Vol. X., 5/- ..Nimmo

[*The calendar for September includes one or two specially interesting names, such as Stephen, the royal soldier-saint of Hungary; St. Gregory, "the Illuminator"; and that fiercest of polemics, St. Jerome.*]

Battifol, P.—History of the Roman Breviary, translated by A.M.Y. Bayley, 7/6 ....Longmans

Beeby, Rev. C. E.—Creed and Life, 2/6 ....Simpkin

Brooks, P.—Best Methods of Promoting Spiritual Life, 1/6.. Service

Comper, J.—Popular Handbook of Liturgies, Part II, 4/6 ..Simpkin

Cook, Dr. A. S.—Biblical Quotations in Old English Prose Writers, 17/-..........Macmillan

Dearmer, Rev. **Percy**.—Religious Pamphlets Selected and Arranged, 6/- .... Kegan Paul

Dorman, N. R. P.—Ignorance, a Study of the Causes and Effects of Popular Thought, 9/- .... Kegan Paul

Erdmann, J. E.—History of Philosophy, ed. by W. S. Hough, Vol. II., 15/- ....Sonnenschein

Evans, E. P.—Evolutional Ethics and Animal Psychology, 9/- Heinemann

Fenton, F.—The Book of Job, 6d. .... Elliot Stock

[*Encouraged by his success with the New Testament, Mr. Fenton now proposes to translate the entire Old Testament direct from the original Hebrew into modern English. He begins with the Book of Job as the oldest portion of Scripture. The poetical portions are rendered in a rhythm which, whatever be its merits in the original, detracts a little from their dignity in English.*]

Gibbon, J. M.—The Four Last Things. 1/-..........Allenson

[*Sermons on Death, Judgment, Hell, and Heaven.*]

Gibbs, M. and E.—The Bible References of John Ruskin, 5/- G. Allen

[*See p.* 193.]

Gough, E.—The Bible True from the Beginning, 16/-, ..Kegan Paul

Guinness Rogers, Dr. J.—The Christian Ideal—A Study for the Times, 1/6 .... J. Bowden

[*A discussion of the true meaning of the expression "Christ-like." Dr. Guinness Rogers finds the secret in "the spirit of power, of love, and of a sound mind." He says much that is good and true, and says it in his own bright and attractive style.*]

Herbart, J. F.—The Application of Psychology to the Science of Education, translated by B. C. Mulliner, 4/6 Sonnenschein

Hocking, W. J.—Modern Problems and Christian Ethics, 3/6 Gardner, Darton

Howard, Rev. G. B.—The Rise and Progress of Presbyterianism, 3/6 .... Hodges

[*Presbyterianism regarded from a strictly Anglican standpoint. There is no sign of any serious attempt at impartiality, and the heroes of the Scottish kirk are spoken of in terms so frankly iconoclastic that their successors will be at first startled, but afterwards vastly entertained. The Act of* 1690, "*an iniquitous Bill!*" "Eheu, jam satis!" *as Mr. Howard exclaims at some of Dr. Parker's Nonconformist wit.*]

King, Dr. E. G.—The Psalms, Part I., 6/- ....Deighton, Bell & Co.

Lacey, Rev. T. A.—The Unity of the Church, 2/- .... S.P.C.K.

Murray, A.—Ministry of Intercession, 2/6 .... Nisbet

Petrie, Prof. W. M. F.—Religion and Conscience in Ancient Egypt, 2/6.......... Methuen

[*See p.* 188.]

Pearse, Mark Guy.—The Gentleness of Jesus, 3/6 .... Marshall

[*This volume of the "Present Day Preachers" series includes over twenty of the Rev. Mark Guy Pearse's sermons. The subjects are various, the first giving its title to the volume. The matter is sound and evangelical, the manner winning and graceful. The book is attractively got up, and clearly printed.*]

Rendall, Dr. G. H.—Marcus Aurelius Antoninus to Himself, 6/- Macmillan

[*See p.* 187.]

Simon, Dr. D. W.—Some Bible Problems, 5/- .... Melrose

Smith, Dr. G. A.—The Book of the Twelve Prophets, Vol. II. (Expositor's Bible), 7/6 .... Hodder

[*See p.* 181.]

Stewart, Rev. D. D.—A Summary of the Psalms, 1/6 Elliot Stock
[*Elucidatory comments on the Psalms as grouped for the daily Church services, intended to bring out the evangelical truths embodied in them. The notes are brief and suggestive, and will form an admirable aid to the devotional reading of each day's Psalms.*]

The Holy Bible, Vol. V., Isaiah to Lamentations, 5/- .... Macmillan

Wade, Rev. W.—Banished but not Expelled, 2/- ....Skeffington

Whyte, Dr. Alex.—Father John of the Greek Church, 2/- Oliphant
[*See p.* 193.]

New Edition.

Kidd, Benjamin.—Social Evolution, 7/6 ....Macmillan
[*See p.* 193.]

FICTION.

Albert, M.—The Diamond Shoe-Buckles, 6d.......Roxburghe Press
[*A harmless little story. Even the burglars have a charm of their own, and present their revolvers politely, and only out of consideration for the exigencies of the narrative. The high-born maiden and the charming young curate are a foolish couple, but pleasant to meet. And we have often met them.*]

Annunzio, G. d'.—The Triumph of Death. trans. by G. Harding, 6/- Heinemann
[*See p.* 187.]

Balzac, H. de.—The Unconscious Mummers, trans. by E. Marriage, 3/6..Dent

Balzac, H. de.—A Marriage Settlement, and Other Stories, 3/6 Dent

Benson, E. F.—The Vintage, a Romance of the Greek War of Independence, 6/-..................................Methuen
[*See p.* 189.]

Birtt, W. B.—By the Roaring Reuss, Idylls and Stories of the Alps, 5/-..Constable
[*See p.* 192.]

Braddon, M. E.—Rough Justice, 6/-.........................Simpkin

Burnett, A. C.—All is not Gold that Glitters, 1/-..Roxburghe Press
[*Innocent, if not clever. Simple-minded folk will find it pleasant reading, especially if the writer's rather dull asides are judiciously skipped.*]

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[*See p.* 190.]

Dickens, Charles.—To Be Read at Dusk, and other Stories, 6/- Redway

Dickens, M. A.—Against the Tide, 6/-...................Hutchinson

Doyle, A. Conan.—The Tragedy of the Korosko, 6/-..Smith, Elder
[*See p.* 190.]

Drummond, H.—For the Religion, 6/-..................Smith, Elder
[*See p.* 191.]

Dudeney, Mrs. H. E.—A Man with a Maid, 2/6........Heinemann
[*See p.* 191.]

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[*See p.* 192.]

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[*See p.* 190.]

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[*A dull story, which even the introduction of the Matabele War and Dr. Jameson is not sufficient to make interesting. "Horsey" people, however, may enjoy it.*]

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[*See p.* 191.]

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[*Quite the traditional type of "yellow back." Crimes and corpses, mesmerism and madness, with plenty of bright colonial colouring, and a dash of science thrown in by way of ballast. The author takes himself very seriously in the Introduction, and discourses on literature with quite an impressive gravity.*]

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[*See p.* 191.]

Lorimer, N.—Josiah's Wife, 6/-..............................Methuen

Louis, A. B.—A Branch of Laurel, 3/6....................Bliss, Sands
[*See p.* 192.]

McIlroy, A.—When Lint was in the Bell McCaw, Stevenson & Orr, Belfast
[*This writer's intentions are excellent, his moral sentiment irreproachable, his work painstaking. We respect him highly, but—we cannot read his book. There is material in it for a series of charming idylls, but the magic touch is wanting, and the result is simple dulness. The dialect, too, is surely not the brogue of County Dublin, but rather Scots, or at least the Scoto-Irish of Ulster.*]

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Martin, Mrs. H.—A Low-born Lass, 6/-.............Hurst & Blackett
[*See p.* 192.]

Mathew, F.—The Spanish Wine, 3/6..............................Lane
[*See p.* 189.]

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[*The moral is excellent, the matter dull. The most interesting, though not the most charming, character is a "new" woman of the more estimable type, who acts like any other good woman, new or old, and spoils it all by talking like an insufferable prig. The commonplace people don their wedding-favours in the last chapter as usual, but the reader is not invited to the marriage of this superior young lady, though, it is only fair to say, he is allowed to "feel it coming on."*]

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[*See p.* 191.]

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[*See p.* 190.]

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[*See p.* 182.]

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[*See p.* 190.]

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[*See p.* 189.]

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[*See p.* 191.]

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[*See p.* 193.]

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[*See p.* 179.]

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[*See p.* 186.]

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[*See p.* 184.]

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[*See p.* 189.]

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Deeds that Won the Empire.
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Bayne's Lessons from My Masters.
Jupp's Three Great Teachers.
McDowall's History of Dumfries.

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Baptist Messenger, 1845.
Scott's Force of Truth.
Munny and Neals' Code.

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The Antiquary, December, 1893.
The Bookman, October, 1897.

JAMES BELL & SON, CARLTON STREET, NOTTINGHAM.

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Shuttleworth's Remarks on Public Education, 1853.
Shuttleworth's School in Relation to Church and State, 1847.

A. BULT, 25, NEW QUEBEC STREET, LONDON, W.

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